



The Improvement Era

August 1962

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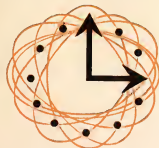
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Exploring the Universe

BY DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.
ELECTRICITY DOOMED

In 1816 an official statement was made in England which wrecked an attempted electrical telegraph: "Telegraphs of any kind are now wholly unnecessary, and no other than the kind now in use will be adopted." Messages were sent at that time by semaphore towers in a row with each tower within sight of the next. In 1818, John Bostock expressed an opinion that galvanism or current electricity had been carried "to the utmost extent of which it admits; and it does not appear that we are at present making any important additions to our knowledge of its effects, or of obtaining any new light upon the theory of its action." Within a year Oersted in Copenhagen discovered the magnetic field associated with an electric current.



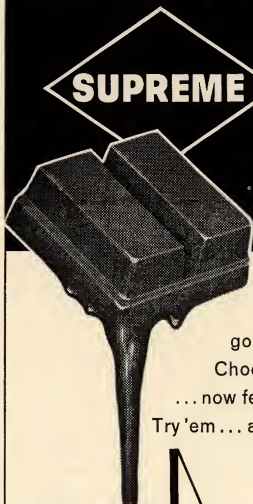
ATOMIC TIMEPIECE

Developments in the precision measurement of time make use of the cesium atom as an atomic clock which permits an accuracy of one part in ten billion or the equivalent of 1 second in 300 years. Measurements show that the rotation of the earth varies during the year by a factor of one part in a hundred million between April and August each year. By international agreement some new prefixes have been adopted to deal with very large and very small numbers. A "terasecond" is a million million seconds, for example, while a "nanosecond" is now widely used to indicate a billionth of a second.

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Contents for August, 1962

Volume 65, Number 8

Church Features

The Editor's Page: Oakland Temple Groundbreaking Prayer, <i>President David O. McKay</i>	564
Your Question: What of the Witch of Endor and Samuel? <i>President Joseph Fielding Smith</i>	566
The LDS Concept of Marriage, <i>President Hugh B. Brown</i>	570
The Church Moves On, 562; Melchizedek Priesthood, 604; Presiding Bishopric's Page, 606.	

Special Features

Trek to the North, <i>C. Frank Steele</i>	568
The Light from Lambarene, <i>Mark Evans Austad</i>	576
Live to Make Men Free, <i>Mirla Greenwood Thayne</i>	580
THE ERA OF YOUTH	between pages 584 and 585
How Many Stanzas Shall We Sing?	585
Gulls, Soaring Symbols of the Sea, <i>Jack B. Kemmerer</i>	586
"This is the testimony last of all . . ." <i>Joe J. Christensen</i>	588
The Spoken Word from Temple Square, <i>Richard L. Evans</i>	590, 591, 592, 593, 594
Exploring the Universe, <i>Franklin S. Harris, Jr.</i> , 553; Letters and Reports, 556; These Times: "The New Dimensions of International Politics," <i>G. Homer Durham</i> , 558.	
Today's Family: <i>Florence B. Pinnock, Editor</i>	
You Are What You Eat	608
Summer Salads	610
Last Word	616

Stories, Poetry

Land Remembered, <i>Leon L. Peterson</i>	582
Poetry	579, 614

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ERA OF YOUTH

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THE COVER:

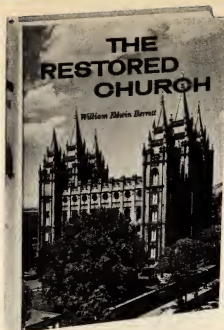
Photographer Bob Davison chose the west side of Gunnison Island in the Great Salt Lake, looking west toward the Lakeside Mountains, at sunset, for this cover photograph taken especially for The Improvement Era. This is the nesting site for what the photographer estimates to be between five thousand and ten thousand sea gulls. When the photograph was taken, June 16, 1962, there were many young in the nests and waddling around on the ground, as well as a few eggs still in the nests.

Cover lithographed in full color by Deseret News Press.

1. THE RESTORED CHURCH

by

William A. Berrett

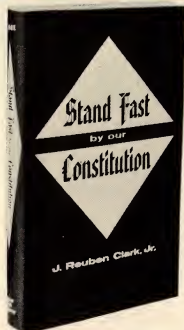


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2. STAND FAST BY OUR CONSTITUTION

by

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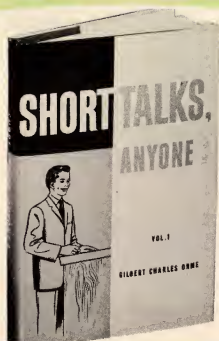
This collection of masterful addresses by the late President Clark contains some of his greatest utterances, including "Our Dwindling Sovereignty," "Let Us Have Peace," "America — A Choice Land Above All Other Lands," and "Why I Am An American." These fine discourses give full meaning to our concept on freedom, the American way of life, and the evidence of divine inspiration behind the Constitution of the United States.
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Letters and Reports



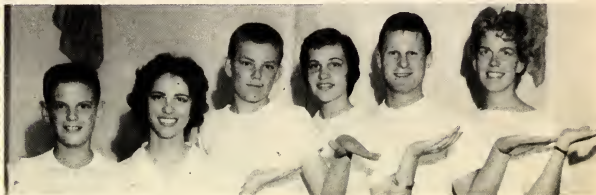
STAKE FIRESIDE

Under a theme, "Married Sweethearts," the MIA Mutual Study classes of the Seattle Stake held a fireside with 260 people attending. During the program participants listened to a song about temple marriage, composed and sung by Beth and Leonard Moore, and each ward presented its "Ideal Married Couple."

Honored couples and stake officials in-

cluded (l-r): front row, Doris Johnson, Eunice Kay, Jay and Glenys Birks, Renton 2nd; Sharon and Merlin Keele, Seattle 6th; Dora and Bill Crabtree, Seattle 9th; and Amy Jensen.

Second row, F. Arthur Kay, stake president; Tom and Louise Warner, Issaquah. Third row, Merrill and Lydia Botack, Seattle 1st; Afton Anderton, Seattle 11th; Evelyn and Primo Bacetti, Seattle 2nd; Maurine and Joel Nelson, Renton; and Maurine and Bob Hage, Bellevue.



HELPS ERA DRIVE

To help the stake's Era drive, Anette and Kathryn Seaman, Beaver Second Ward, Beaver (Utah) Stake, staged a musical presentation, writing original words to the music, "Siamese Cat Song" (from the

play, *Lady and the Tramp*). As the act became more popular, more verses were added by others. Members of the troupe are (l-r): Mitchell Seaman, Anette Seaman, Roger Murdock, Kathryn Seaman, Sam Cox, and Kaye Terry.

CORRECTION

We report that an error was inadvertently made in the "Land of Paul" article by Edwin O. Haroldsen in the March issue. On page 196 the name "John E. Page" should read "Thomas Phillips Page." Brother Haroldsen, careful journalist that he is, had sent to Salt Lake City for copies of special histories, as he sat in the "Land

of Paul" to write his article. The sharp eyes of Mrs. Maude Page Butterfield of Riverton, Utah, a daughter of the late Elder Thomas Phillips Page, detected the error as she read her March Era. She brought in family records, conclusive evidence, to both the Church Offices and to the Era offices. We regret that the error was made.



COUSINS MEET

Four cousins recently went through the mission home together. They were (pictured l-r): Dale Barraclough, Westchester Ward, Inglewood (Calif.) Stake; Karen Zaugg, West Point Ward, North Davis (Utah) Stake; Duane Youngberg, Weiser Ward, Weiser (Idaho) Stake; and Betty Hirschi, Park Valley Ward, Bear River (Utah) Stake.

The mission home was the first time the four had all been together at one time. Elder Youngberg and Sister Zaugg were students at BYU at the time of their call and are now in the North Central States and Central German missions, respectively. Elder Barraclough, a former student at Santa Monica Junior College, is now in the Northwestern States Mission; and Sister Hirschi is at present in Blumenstrass, Switzerland.

SILK

Wenatchee, Washington

Dear Editors:

I have just read with considerable interest the article in the May Era by Maurice W. Connell, "The Prophet Said Silk." The evidence of the existence of pre-Columbian silk culture in America is convincing and was well presented by the author. The writer cites the references to mulberry trees and silk culture by Thomas Gage in his account of travels in Mexico in the seventeenth century, but there is a much

earlier and completely authoritative statement on the existence of pre-Columbian silk culture in America by Hernando Cortez himself.

After conquering Mexico he wrote an elaborate description of the capital of Mexico with descriptions of the temples, principal palaces, the idols, markets, and customs of the people.

In describing the markets and products sold in the City of Mexico, he said, "They sell many kinds of cotton thread of all colors in skeins, and this place is just like the Granada silk market in silks."

Also, Gage's reference to "trees" whereon they breed the "worms" must refer to silk culture and not to cochineal production. All larvae of the Lepidoptera, like the silkworm, are wormlike and are usually called worms. Cochineal is a scale insect that is very small and fairly flat and circular or turtle shaped and not at all wormlike and would never be called a worm.

Sincerely yours,

F. H. Harries

FIRST MISSIONARY FAREWELL



A recent farewell testimonial for Elder Gerald Brown, Promontory Branch (Utah), was the first ever held by the branch. Elder Brown was also the first to receive the Duty to God award in the branch. A graduate

of Bear River High School, he attended Utah State University prior to his mission. He has held positions in the YMMIA, Aaronic Priesthood, and Sunday School superintendency.

IN HALL OF FAME

Vale, Oregon

Dear Brethren:

As the year for placing the Era in every home draws to a close, as every year, I regret this. It is always such a pleasure to tell the people about the Era. We are again 100 percent in our ward [Vale Ward, Nyssa Stake], and . . . in the Hall of Fame.

Very Sincerely,

Herta Rose

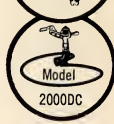
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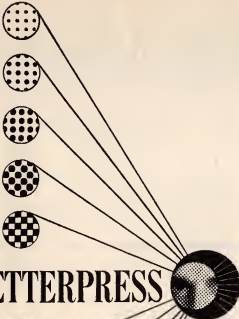
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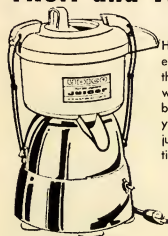
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THESE TIMES



The New Dimensions of International Politics

BY DR. G. HOMER DURHAM
PRESIDENT, ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY, TEMPE

If you were responsible for charting the course for the ship of state, what would be your statesmanship?

The basic policies which seem to have guided statesmanship in the world since 1500 AD appear to be outmoded. If you were suddenly called to be Prime Minister of Canada, for example, what would be your course? Or supposing it were your task to replace Charles de Gaulle tonight or Konrad Adenauer or Harold Macmillan or Nikita Khrushchev or Mr. Nkrumah or Nehru, Mao, John F. Kennedy, or Chiang Kai-shek? You are commander-in-chief of the armed forces, leader (either by symbolism or total control, or somewhere in between—depending on which state is your ship) of the domestic economy. Millions of people, in the present pattern of existence, depend on your leadership for the common defense and domestic tranquility.

The modern state system, from 1500 AD until the Wright brothers flew their aircraft at Kitty Hawk, was largely guided by two forces. One was sea power. Those states having sufficient knowledge of the sciences of navigation, shipbuilding, gunnery, naval communications, commerce, and industry, guided themselves by reference to sea power. Their prime policies were, with the help of nature's storms, distances, and other hazards, to (1) protect

themselves while (2) seeking foreign advantage by manipulation of vessels under their control. Spain, Portugal, the Dutch, the French, the British, the Russians, the Americans, the Germans, the Japanese, and the Italians—in about that order, from 1500 to the advent of Mussolini and Italy's post-1920 bid for sea power, all played the game. They also used the more ancient statecraft of land power against the background of fortifications, geographic barriers, and thoroughfares. Putting armed men on horses (cavalry), and after 1914 in motorized vehicles (including tanks), were successful variations on the basic land-power theme.

After the Wrights, the states with the most advanced sea and land power systems took to the air. Floating (carriers) and non-floating air bases were used. Air power, in terms of projectiles, probably dates from the slingshot, the spear, and the arrow. Gunpowder, fired from ship or landed infantry, gave strength and distance to projectiles. The invention of the rifled barrel, whether carried by a man, or one of Kipling's "reeking tubes" aboard battleship or ground artillery, added precision and more power. Aircraft added a new dimension and double maneuverability: the cannon itself flew as well as projected its rifled missile. Then came rocketry in World War II, the infantryman's

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

bazooka, and the magnified, refined, and electronically controlled missiles in land artillery units, in naval and aircraft.

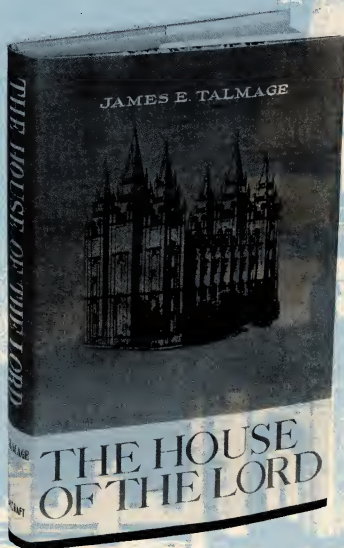
Statesmanship under these systems, even when atomic warheads became available after 1945, varied little from the patterns prevailing since the year 1500. Statesmen, politicians, foreign offices, military leaders—call them what you will—generally followed the inherited cultural pattern for statesmen. Almost uniformly, whatever their capitals, their languages, their religions and traditions, they sought (1) to maintain the sovereign independence of their state, using all means at their disposal, land power, sea power, wealth, marriage, diplomacy, propaganda, overseas bases, colonies, possessions; (2) they sought alliances, near or far, temporary "marriages of convenience" with other states, for their protection and for their aggrandizement; (3) they encouraged education and cultivated the arts and sciences in military and naval academies at Potsdam, Sandhurst, West Point, or St. Petersburg, and in other institutions and media, in order to develop the talents necessary for domestic prosperity and security. Towards the end of a 400-year period, largely as a matter of diplomatic convenience and necessity, international organizations began to be created, largely as an expression of the alliance system. The "Concert of Europe" was arranged by the allied conquerors of Napoleon after 1815. Its many successor-instruments flowered in the 19th century, including the so-called "Hague system" after 1899 and the search for peaceful adjudication of disputes. The League of Nations was arranged by the allied conquerors of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey after 1918. The United Nations was arranged by the allied conquerors of Germany, Italy, and Japan between 1942 and 1945.

These international organizations and their accompanying systems, were dictated by reasons of (1) convenience and (2) necessity.

Statesmen found them convenient in view of improvements in communication and transportation. They became necessary to the states and to the statesmen for the fundamental reason that if two or more states were in the constant, instantaneous presence of one another, no other state could reasonably afford to be

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absent. The risks of losing out, falling behind in the alliance system and the power struggle were too great. Palmerston and England might not like Metternich and Austro-Hungary. But if Metternich were conferring with the czar of Russia's representatives and those of the king of Prussia simultaneously, some people from Whitehall had better be in the same vicinity if at all possible. So with the League, and so with the United Nations. As long as some find it convenient to meet and to confer, to plan and plot for power and advantage, all others find it necessary to be nearby. This is one reason why Red China, for example, wants admission to the United Nations. And this is one reason why those opposed to Red China's admission oppose. They simply do not want Red China to have the immediate advantages of central and comparative intelligence, communication, and other attributes of power that can accrue from membership.

Like it or not, the task of the statesmen is to seek power, maintain and use power for the advantage of their states. States and statesmen who ignore this, or who reckon with it in ignorance, cease to exist.

As improved communication and transport made international associations necessary after the Napoleonic wars, the same forces produced additional and major techniques in the power struggle, namely political and psychological warfare. In 1500 a king could be heard or seen only in his own palace. Today he is seen, heard, or read the world around. These innovations are fundamentally an outgrowth of the cultivation of education, the arts and sciences. Today we observe increased tempo of states in developing and manipulating people. There is constant utilization on a world-wide scale, of ideas, forces, and influences to condition and determine human behavior. And there is utilization of greater and greater concentrations of state power to do so.

Governments, states, and statesmen have always done something in the effort to condition the behavior of their subjects and to impress enemies: drums, fanfare, bugles, paintings, parades, pageantry, all glorifying the state, its history, its ideals, its mission and destiny. Today, leading states and statesmen are

engaged in the effort world-wide, to convince and control the behavior of some or all of the world's peoples. The efforts vary in intensity, intelligence, scope. But all are in deed earnest. Psychological and political warfare is the new dimension. It has become the current arena for the power struggle. In the United States, the smouldering discussions of new and additional forms of federal aid to education, research, government, and science, use of the Voice of America, the Echo satellite, and international broadcasting systems from space, are some symptoms.

But the conscious use of behavioral science by states and statesmen has deeper, modern roots. The issuance of the American Declaration of Independence by the American colonial revolutionists in 1776 was a major milestone, marking the beginnings of a new political era. The declaration attempted to justify the American Revolution to all men everywhere. It was a means of weakening British counter-measures and of enlisting support from the French alliance, the Dutch, the Spanish, and the Armed Neutrality including Russian. "We hold these truths to be self-evident"—the entitlement of all men to rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—still rings in men's ears.

Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*, by 1781, were calling attention to the need for republican statesmen to cultivate all their human resources, their skills in the arts and sciences. The French Revolution, with its Declaration of the Rights of Man, had immediate overtones in appealing to non-French peoples in Europe. Excesses led to Napoleon's conquests of "liberation." Then came the counter-measures of the Holy Alliance, the development of the doctrine that only "legitimate" (i.e. divine right) governments should rule. By the time Monroe issued his Doctrine in 1823, the dim outlines of the future of political and psychological warfare were clearly apparent. Monroe's statement appealed to the rights of people to self-determination, non-interference, and to republican self-government. The Holy Alliance and the Concert of Europe appealed through religious and political media for peoples to hold fast to legitimacy and to eschew the dangerous tendencies of republicanism.

Since Monroe's time there have

been at least three great lessons in political and psychological warfare. The Russians and the communists, especially Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin, seem to have learned them best. It is time now for the rest of the world to wake up to their meaning.

The first and second lessons developed almost simultaneously. One was in America. The other was in Russia. The third is the contemporary colonial revolution in Africa and Asia.

In America, the keen student of history, President Woodrow Wilson, was aware of Abraham Lincoln's impressive appeal to the working classes of Great Britain. Lincoln appealed to people over the heads of a British government inclined to assist the Confederacy, by means of his Emancipation Proclamation. Wilson was aware of the power of the Declaration of Independence in the American revolution. During World War I, Wilson consciously and idealistically employed the use of political warfare at home and abroad. At home he used George Creel, the presidential address, the press conference, posters, the new media of the film. Following American entry into the war in 1917, he continued to appeal to the people of the Central powers, over the heads of their statesmen. We now know that his New York Metropolitan Opera House speech in July 1918, outlining the conditions of peace, based on his Fourteen Points, brought about the fall of the Kaiser's war cabinet. The way was paved to Armistice, November 11, 1918.

In Europe in these same decades, such facts were not lost on the wily Lenin. His written propaganda appeals, true, did not topple the czars. German armies in the Eastern front and internal decay did that. But once in power the communists established a world-wide political party system with organized propaganda fronts. These, since 1918, have proved to be one of the most successful instruments used in the history of statecraft. Russian experience, like experiments with Pavlov's dog, have concentrated total state power on the conditioning of human behavior abroad as well as at home. This is now one of the sobering facts of history.

How does a free nation, insisting on the right of its citizens to criticize its government daily, nullify its policies, and oppose them with or-

ganized opposition, match wits, techniques of political and psychological warfare with a state that controls, mobilizes, and consciously develops its total human resources to the end that more potent schemes, tricks, and appeals are made than the free states muster?

A significant answer lies in the effective development and use of behavioral science under the discipline of freedom. The discipline of freedom is self-imposed and self-directed. Human capacities and resources, cultivated for their own sakes among the children of a wise God, have greater potentiality for guiding states, and providing statesmanship, than a highly organized, concentrated, totalitarian party approach to the training and development of leadership. The responsibility of each man to develop his own capacities, although aided by the state, is God-given. But God, respecting his children's freedom, does not require nor will he ever force such development. The true development of human intelligence involves decisions for each, ultimately, by himself. The state is for man, not man for the state. But the state exists. It is operating in the new dimension of space and of international political warfare. The projectiles of *ideas* projected from the orbiting satellites will not come alone from physics, chemistry, and engineering. The era of behavioral and political sciences are also here. The challenge of statesmanship in these times is to develop statesmen, in free states, whose ideas and the material resources at their command are superior to the statesmen's equipment in the other states. It is the task of our statesmen to be superior in the ideas as well as in the material they can mobilize from a free people. It is the task of free peoples, as individuals, to make of themselves superior vessels, temples, tabernacles of ideas as well as of material accomplishment, in contrast with the non-free. There must be preponderance of both qualities, spiritual and material, in the statesmen and in the peoples of the free states. The ignorant American, Canadian, western European, and Latin American is an "unprofitable servant." If such there be, each had best look to his individual weaponry of intelligence and character if he prizes his freedom.

(Continued on page 601)

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The Church Moves On

May 1962

24 The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Jay A. Quealy, Jr., as president of the Southern Far East Mission, succeeding President Robert S. Taylor. President Quealy, long a resident of the Hawaiian Islands, is serving as president of Honolulu Stake at this call. He is a former member of the bishopric and bishop of Waikiki Ward, and a former member of the high council of Oahu Stake. As a young man he filled a mission to Argentina and the Northwestern States. With him to this new assignment will go his wife Virginia Wooley Quealy and four of their five children.

26 During appropriate services President David O. McKay dedicated and broke ground for the new multi-million dollar temple at Oakland, California; fifteenth temple of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times. (See page 564.)

27 Elder Max W. Moody sustained as president of Honolulu (Hawaii) Stake succeeding President Jay A. Quealy, Jr., who has been called to preside in the Southern Far East Mission. Counselors to President Moody are Elders James E. Hallstrom and Lawrence Haneberg who served in these positions with President Quealy.

Elder Asa L. Beecher sustained as president of Mount Logan (Utah) Stake succeeding President W. Loyal Hall. Elders Preston D. Alder and Blaine Morris, Jr., sustained as counselors to President Beecher. President Beecher and Elder Alder had been counselors to President Hall.

29 The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder John M. Russon, currently serving as president of Los Angeles (California) Stake as president of the Swiss Mission. He succeeds President William S. Erikson. Headquarters of the mission are at Basel. President Russon has headed the Los Angeles Stake for the past thirteen years. Previously he was bishop of Hollywood Ward, high priests group leader, stake Sunday School superintendent, high councilman, and a member of a bishopric. He filled a mission in the Swiss-German Mission, 1931-33. His wife, Mary Virginia Anderson Russon, and five of their seven children will accompany him to this new assignment.

June 1962

2 The appointment of Mrs. Sara Tanner, wife of Elder N. Eldon Tanner, Assistant to the Twelve and president of the West European Mission, as a special representative of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association general board was announced.

3 Elder Lloyd E. Howard released as first counselor to President James D. Pratt of Burbank (California) Stake. Elder Harold F. Greene, who was serving as second counselor, sustained as first counselor, with Elder Lyman P. Pinkston sustained as second counselor.

9

It was announced that Presiding Bishop John H. Vandenberg had succeeded Elder LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve as chairman of the Old Folks Central Committee.

10

Elder R. Clair Anderson sustained as first counselor to President Vernon L. Kunz of South Sanpete (Utah) Stake succeeding Elder Niel Frischknecht. Elder Lee R. Thompson sustained as second counselor succeeding Elder Anderson.

11

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Dwayne N. Andersen of Folsom, California, as president of the Northern Far East Mission. He succeeds President Paul C. Andrus. President Andersen is a native of Brigham City, Utah. He filled a mission as a young man to Hawaii. After military service in World War II he again filled a mission—that time to Japan. He has been active in the Church serving as scoutmaster, ward clerk, counselor in a bishopric, and bishop. His wife, Peggy Huish Andersen and the couple's four children will accompany him to the new assignment in Tokyo, Japan.

12

Papa and the Playhouse, a two-act musical commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the old Salt Lake Theatre, began its premiere run at Kingsbury Hall, University of Utah campus, as part of the June conference. The play is scheduled to be produced in the stakes of the Church during the summer of 1963.

14

The YWMA Camp Institute was held as a pre-conference event of the June conference.

With Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve as a featured speaker, the Master M Man-Golden Gleaner banquet was held this evening.

"An Evening in Social Hall," featuring the revival of the first one-act play staged at Social Hall in 1853, together with additional songs and dances of the period, began its June conference run at Salt Lake City's Highland High School auditorium.

Eight roadshow acts began playing at the auditoriums of two of Salt Lake City's high schools and two junior high schools, as part of the June conference evenings, which have been sub-titled "Dramatic '62." "An Evening in Social Hall" the roadshows, and *Papa and the Playhouse* were scheduled to play nightly from their beginning, with an additional early evening performance for each on both Friday and Saturday nights.

15

With the admonition on the official program of "Love the Youth—Teach the Truth," the 63rd Annual MIA June conference opened on Temple Square. The MIA theme for 1962-63 is D&C 59:5: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy might, mind, and strength; and in the name of Jesus Christ thou shalt serve him." Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve, one of the advisers to the Mutuals, was the featured speaker at the morning session. The MIA reading course for the coming year is the Writings of Joseph Smith from the Pearl of Great Price.

The afternoon general session included the "Focus on Youth" presentation, which will be given by wards and stakes in the coming year.

16

The appointment of Elder Vaughn E. Hansen, director of engineering and experiment station at the Utah State University, Logan, as secretary of the youth committee of the Church co-ordinating council, was announced.

The appointment of three new members to the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was announced. They are Elders Maurice L. Watts, E. Preston Hyatt, and Albert L. Payne.

Departmental sessions and discussions was the order of the day at the MIA June conference.

(Continued on page 601)

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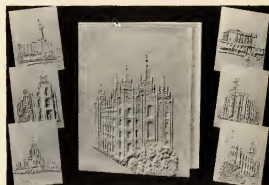
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Oakland Temple Ground-breaking



Behind President David O. McKay as he lifts the first shovel of soil on the site of the Oakland Temple are some who attended the groundbreaking. The brethren are (left to right) President Joseph Fielding Smith, President Henry D. Moyle, President McKay, President Hugh B. Brown, and Presiding Bishop John H. Vandenberg.

In place of the regular Editor's Page this month, The Improvement Era is pleased to present, with the permission of President McKay, the Dedictory Prayer at the groundbreaking for the Oakland Temple, May 26, 1962.

O God our Eternal Father, as thou seest, we thy children have assembled here for a special purpose. Our hearts are filled with gratitude for this opportunity. We are grateful that we know of thy existence, that thou art the Father of all mankind, and that thou lovest them even as an earthly father loves his own children.

We are grateful for the privilege we have of assembling here in this country where freedom is cherished, where the individual is free to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. We implore thee to continue to bless this nation, protect the Constitution of the United States inspired by thee. Frustrate the plans of enemies who would weaken it or destroy it, and may their schemes come to naught who would in any way deprive the citizens of this country or of any other country of the rights vouchsafed by the Constitution of the United States.

We are grateful for the assurance that thou art our Guide, our Protector, our Eternal Father; grateful for thy mercy in permitting the Light of Truth eventually to dispel the darkness that existed in the world.

Accept of the gratitude of our hearts for the restoration of the gospel; that thou and thy Son appeared to the Prophet Joseph Smith in this dispensation. We are grateful that we know that thou, as a Loving Father, desireth the salvation of all thy children, and that through obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel, all thy offspring, living and dead, may obtain salvation.

Bless all those who are presiding in thy Church—The First Presidency, The Quorum of the Twelve, the Patriarch to the Church, the Assistants to the Twelve, the First Council of the Seventy, the Presiding Bishopric, and all the authorities, who preside in missions, stakes, wards, quorums, organizations, etc., that they may sense their responsibilities as true representatives.

We are grateful, Heavenly Father, for the understanding which exists in the hearts of intelligent men and women, that prejudice is being removed, and that the purposes of thy Church are being understood more clearly. Bless the honest in heart everywhere. May they realize the blessings of individual freedom, the privilege of individual initiative.

Prosper the Church in all its righteous endeavors, and may the people in this area be blessed for their willingness and eagerness to participate in building this temple.

Now, Heavenly Father, as thy servant holding the Holy Priesthood and representing the membership in the stakes and missions in this temple district, I dedicate and consecrate this tract of land for the purpose of erecting a temple unto thy name. We dedicate every spot of this tract that it may be considered sacred. Cause, O Father, that no unclean thing may trespass upon this area, and may there be no bitterness in the hearts of those who visit it. If any come to scoff, may they remain to pray,

and feel impressed to unite with thy people to build this temple to thy glory.

We invoke thy blessings upon the architects who have drawn the plans and who will continue to draw plans for a building worthy of thy name. We pray thee to bless the contractors, the foremen, and all other workmen; bless them with wisdom, with singleness of purpose. May every one sense that he is building, even as he lays the blocks and the mortar or the wires or the plumbing, or any part of the building, that he is doing it to thy name and to thy glory.

May they realize that they are building for future generations, that hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, will look upon this structure and say that those men built that house to the glory of God. And with that thought in mind, may the builders even exceed their own ability, that the structure may be a credit to this country, as well as to the entire Church. Father, we invoke this blessing upon every laborer, and everyone who has anything to do with the building of the temple on this site.

We invoke thy blessings upon the presidencies of these stakes and the bishoprics of the wards, upon the people that reside therein, that they may feel that this building is a contribution to this entire area, that it will make more popular, more successful all connected with the surroundings, not only in temporal affairs, but in social and in moral and spiritual values.

Accept of this dedication, O Father. Accept of our gratitude. Hear, we beseech thee, our pleadings for thy protecting care over this property. In the erection of the building, may there be no fatal accidents; that care may be manifested by the overseers, contractors, and all connected therewith; that when we meet in the near future to dedicate the edifice unto thee and thy glory, may we look back upon this occasion and upon all intervening activities without regret, but with pride, and with cherished memories of this sacred occasion. This we humbly pray in the name of thy Beloved Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

WHAT OF THE WITCH OF ENDOR AND SAMUEL?

QUESTION: *"In the twenty-eighth chapter of First Samuel, the story is related how Saul, king of Israel, after the Prophet Samuel died sought out the witch of Endor to have her 'bring up Samuel,' after that prophet had died, so that he, Saul, could seek advice of him. Now what I have wondered*

ANSWER: There are several things incident to this story that the ordinary reader surmises which are not necessarily in harmony with the facts. In the first place Saul did not see the spirit that was called up. All the information that he received was from the statement of the woman herself. No doubt this woman was well acquainted with Samuel and could readily describe him. It is feasible for one to think that the woman was keen enough to realize the situation and the hopelessness of the position of Saul. However the fact remains that she, it was, who saw and who described the apparition, not Saul.

President Charles W. Penrose in May 1898,¹ wrote an excellent article on this question, and I can not do better than to repeat it as it gives us a proper summarization of this event:

There are differences of opinion as to the facts narrated in the Bible concerning the visit of Saul, King of Israel, to the Witch of Endor and her purported interview with the spirit of the departed Prophet Samuel. The popular view of this matter is that the witch, at the request of King Saul, "brought up" the spirit of Samuel and that Saul conversed with him and learned from him the fate which awaited him in his coming battle with the Philistines. But the question arises, how could a witch, who under the law of Moses was not to be permitted to live, and with whom consultation was forbidden by the Lord, have power to bring forth at her bidding the spirit of a holy prophet? In answer to this query it has been suggested that the woman was not really a witch, but a prophetess who was in hiding. Why she was under the necessity of concealing her whereabouts is not made to appear. It has been alleged that the "prophetess" theory has been held by persons supposed to understand the question thoroughly. Be that as it may, careful investigation of the history of the event will

YOUR QUES- TION

ANSWERED BY
**JOSEPH
FIELDING
SMITH**
PRESIDENT OF
THE COUNCIL
OF THE TWELVE

is this: How was it possible for a witch to be able to have power to bring back the spirit of a prophet of God? I know that the devil has great power, but how could he have such power over a prophet of God such as this story seems to indicate? I will be very happy for your help in solving this problem."

show that there has been great misunderstanding of the subject. Let us first see what the historian relates:

"And the Philistines gathered themselves together, and came and pitched in Shunem; and Saul gathered all Israel together, and they pitched in Gilboa.

"And when Saul saw the host of the Philistines, he was afraid, and his heart greatly trembled.

"And when Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets.

"Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and inquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor.

"And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night; and he said, I pray thee, divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring him up whom I shall name unto thee.

"And the woman said unto him, behold, thou knowest what Saul hath done, how he hath cut off those that have familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land; wherefore then layest thou a snare for my life, to cause me to die.

"And Saul sware to her by the Lord, saying, As the Lord liveth, there shall no punishment happen to thee for this thing.

"Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, Bring me up Samuel.

"And when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice; and the woman spake to Saul, saying, Why hast thou deceived me? For thou art Saul.

"And the king said unto her, Be not afraid: for what sawest thou? And the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the earth.

"And he said unto her, What form is he of? And she

¹The article is reprinted here as it appeared in *The Improvement Era*, Vol. 1, May 1898, pp. 495-500.

said, An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.

"And Samuel said to Saul, why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams: therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do.

"Then said Samuel, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy?

"And the Lord hath done to him, as he spake by me: for the Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and given it to thy neighbor, even to David:

"Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amalek, therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day.

"Moreover the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines: and tomorrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: the Lord also shall deliver the host of Israel into the hand of the Philistines." (1 Samuel XXVIII:4-19.)

From the foregoing it is clear that the woman whom Saul visited was one of the class placed under ban, by the commandment of God, because they practiced divination with familiar spirits. Neither prophets nor prophetesses were then banished from the land or held in disrespect. It was only persons condemned by the Mosaic law who had to hide from the effects of its enforcement. Saul had tried every legitimate means to obtain supernatural guidance, but, as he had departed from the Lord, the Lord had departed from him. There was no answer from heaven to his inquiries; there was no word of the Lord by prophets; there was no communication through the Urim and Thummim, there was no manifestation by vision or by dream; there was no whispering of the divine spirit. In his desperation, Saul turned to the opposite power. In that he sinned. He knew that he was violating the law of the Lord. When he was serving God, he "put away those that had familiar spirits and the wizards out of the land," but when he fell into darkness he sought the ways of darkness and sealed his own doom. It is written:

"So Saul died for his transgression, which he committed against the Lord, even against the word of the Lord, which he kept not, and also for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit, to inquire of it." (1 Chronicles X:13).

The law of God concerning these forbidden arts

was given through the prophet Moses, and forms part of the Mosaic code: As for instance:

"Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God." (Lev. XIX:31).

"There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer; for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord, and because of these abominations, the Lord thy God shall drive them out from before thee." (Deut. XVII:10-12).

The Witch of Endor, then, instead of being a prophetess of the Lord, was a woman that practiced necromancy; that is, communication or pretended communication with the spirits of the dead; but she was led by a familiar spirit. In other words, she was a spiritual medium, similar to those modern professors of the art, who claim to be under the control of some departed notable, and through him or her to be able to communicate with the dead. It should be observed that in the seance with the king of Israel, Saul did not see Samuel or anybody but the medium or witch. She declared that she saw an old man coming up and that he was covered with a mantle. It was she who told Saul what Samuel was purported to have said. Saul "perceived that it was Samuel" through what the witch stated to him. The conversation that ensued between Samuel and Saul was conducted through the medium. All of this could have taken place entirely without the presence of the prophet Samuel. The woman, under the influence of her familiar spirit, could have given to Saul the message supposed to have come from Samuel, in the same way that messages from the dead are pretended to be given to the living by spiritual mediums of the latter days, who, as in the case under consideration, perform their work at night or under cover of darkness.

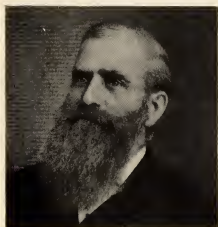
It is beyond rational belief that such persons could at any period in ancient or modern times, invoke the spirits of departed servants or handmaidens of the Lord. They are not at the beck and call of witches, wizards, diviners, or necromancers. Pitiable indeed would be the condition of spirits in paradise if they were under any such control. They would not be at rest, nor be able to enjoy that liberty from the troubles and labors of earthly life which is essential to their happiness, but be in a condition of bondage, subject to the will and whims of persons who know not God and whose lives and aims are of the earth, earthy.

Nor is it in accordance (Continued on page 600)



Zina Young Card, wife of Charles Ora Card, founder of Cardston. A daughter of Brigham Young and known as "Aunt Zina," she is still remembered as the Mother of the Colonies.

While president of Cache Stake, Charles Ora Card was called to lead a body of Saints to Canada for a settlement on soil where they would find "British justice."



It has been called the "Mormon Country" — the southwestern corner of Alberta. And if you want to reach the heart of it, Cardston, you may travel a number of roads and all have their special interest. You see, Cardston is the crossroads of the Canadian southwest, a gateway to that scenic wonderland, Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park, and one of the "musts" among the ports of call.

You may drive south over Highway No. 2 from historic old Fort Macleod, founded by the Mounted Police in 1874, and cross the Blood Indian Reserve over a paved road, or you may drive southwest of Lethbridge over another paved road through the heart of the Latter-day Saint settlements.

Off to the east the smokestack of a beet sugar factory identifies Raymond; soon you are passing through Magrath the Garden City, with its monument to irrigation, then Spring Coulee with the giant St. Mary River Dam. And in those few miles you see three of the notable contributions of the Mormons to Western Canada's economy and culture: irrigation, the sugar industry, and the planting of trees where few grew before.

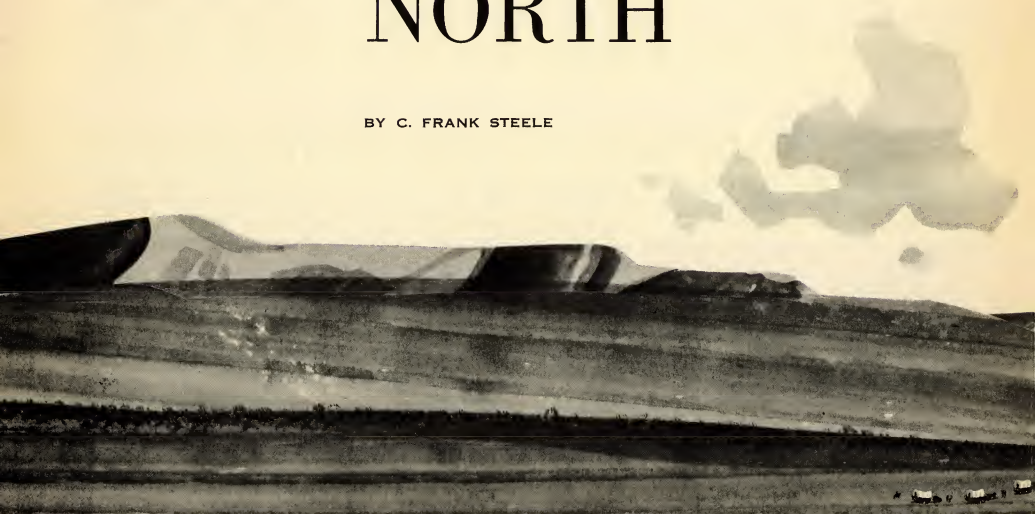
But we still travel westward, leaving the prairies and entering the green, pleasant foothills, cross the St. Mary River that rises in Montana, thence into Cardston with its great white temple.

In the distance tower the Rockies, snow capped and glistening, with Chief Mountain's massive shoulders standing out in bold relief, a landmark on the Great North Trail ages before the white man came to this empire of the Blackfeet.

(Continued on page 590)

TREK TO THE NORTH

BY C. FRANK STEELE



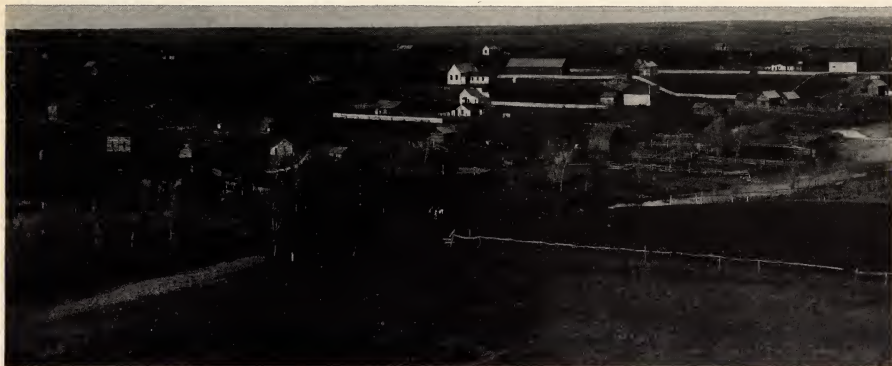


The first home of President and Sister Card in Canada. Built of logs, it was the first house in the new Mormon community and is still standing, a rugged landmark to pioneer industry.



The second Card home in Cardston. Built of brick, it became a center for the social and cultural life of the community with President Card becoming the city's first mayor, stake president, and a prominent business leader.

The city of Cardston, Alberta, Canada, taken five years after its founding by Mormon pioneers in 1887 on the banks of Lee's Creek (in foreground). A temple was later erected and dedicated in 1923. Present population is near 3,000 for this seventy-five year old city, the first Mormon settlement in Canada. Present LDS population in Canada is set at 40,000 in contrast to the original company of eight families, including 41 men, women, and children.



Accompanying this article by President Hugh B. Brown, who is an adopted son of Canada, are photographs in full color of the LDS temple in Cardston, Alberta, Canada. With the growth of the Church in Canada (see article "Trek to the North" in this issue, page 568), came the need for a temple. On July 27, 1913, the temple site was dedicated by President Joseph F. Smith. Ground was broken the same year. In 1915, President David O. McKay, then a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, laid the cornerstone. Granite stone for the temple was quarried near Kootenai Lake in British Columbia and transported more than three hundred miles to the temple site. The capstone was laid September 23, 1917, and the temple was dedicated to the work of the Lord on August 26, 1923 by President Heber J. Grant.

The LDS Concept of Marriage

BY PRESIDENT HUGH B. BROWN
OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

Marriage is and should be a sacrament. The word *sacrament* is variously defined, but among Christian people it signifies a religious act or ceremony, solemnized by one having proper authority. It is a pledge, or solemn covenant, a spiritual sign or bond between the contracting parties themselves and between them and God. That marriage was instituted and sanctified by the Lord himself is shown by the following quotations: "And the Lord God said, it is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh." (Genesis 2:18, 24.)

When Jesus departed from Galilee and came into the coasts of Judea beyond Jordan, a great multitude followed him, and the Pharisees questioned him regarding divorce: "And he answered and said unto them, Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female.

*From the book *You and Your Marriage* by President Hugh B. Brown.

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JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.





"And said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh.

"Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." (Matthew 19:4-6.)

It is plain that God intended that man and woman should become one. By personally officiating at this wedding he sanctified the institution of marriage. It is a normal, healthful, and desirable state and was instituted to fulfil God's purpose in the earth.

It is the central element in the domestic establishment. It is more than a human institution to be regulated solely by custom and civil law. It is more than a contract under the sanction of moral law. It is or should be a religious sacrament by which men and women solemnly undertake to co-operate with God in his avowed purpose to make earth life and mortality available to his spirit children and to bring to pass their immortality and eternal life.

There are those who say that the highest, most dedicated, and most desirable life may be achieved outside the marriage covenant. In other words they would forbid those who seek the highest glory to be "contaminated by physical and animal-like associations." There is no warrant in the scripture for such doctrine. In the book of Proverbs we read: "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." (Proverbs 18:22.) And the Apostle Paul in writing to Timothy, said: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils,

"Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron;

"*Forbidding to marry*, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." (1 Timothy 4:1-3, *italics added.*) And in the Doctrine and Covenants we read: "And again, verily I say unto you, that whoso forbiddeth to marry is not ordained of God, for marriage is ordained of God unto man." (D&C 49:15.)

The Latter-day Saints believe that in order to attain the best in life and the greatest happiness in this world and for the next, men and women must be married in the temple for time and eternity. Without the sealing ordinances of temple marriage, man cannot achieve a godlike stature or receive a fullness of joy because the unmarried person is not a whole person, is not complete.

To a Latter-day Saint there is only one kind of marriage which is wholly acceptable, that is temple or celestial marriage, which is performed only in the



The beautiful baptismal font in the basement of the temple, where baptisms for the dead are performed, rests on the figures of twelve oxen.

The Terrestrial Room in the temple symbolizes the second degree of glory. The Alberta Temple is especially noted for the beauty of the wood paneling used throughout the building.





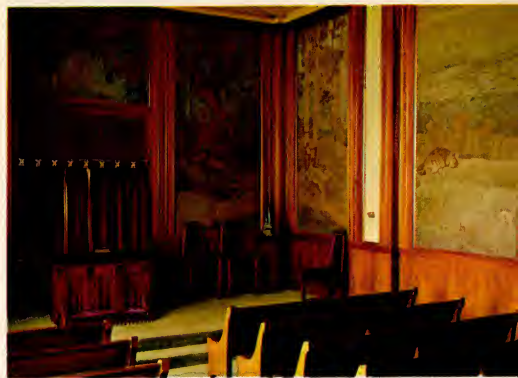
The Garden Room in the temple is symbolic of the Garden of Eden which the Lord prepared for Adam and Eve. "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." (Genesis 1:27.)

"And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

"And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." (Genesis 2:8-9.)



This lovely temple chapel with murals depicting important events in the ministry of the Savior is the place for members of the Church to assemble for preliminary devotional services prior to participating in temple ordinances.



The World Room in the temple is symbolic of the dreary and bleak world into which Adam and Eve were driven after they had partaken of the forbidden fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.



temples of the Church. Temples are erected and dedicated in holiness to the Lord to provide a place where spiritual and eternal ceremonies and ordinances may be performed. While we recognize civil marriages performed by ministers of other churches, and civil marriages performed by officers of the law, or others legally qualified to perform them, we believe that only in a temple of God can a marriage for time and eternity be performed, and then only by one having the authority which Christ gave to Peter when he said: "... whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: ..." (Matthew 16:19.)

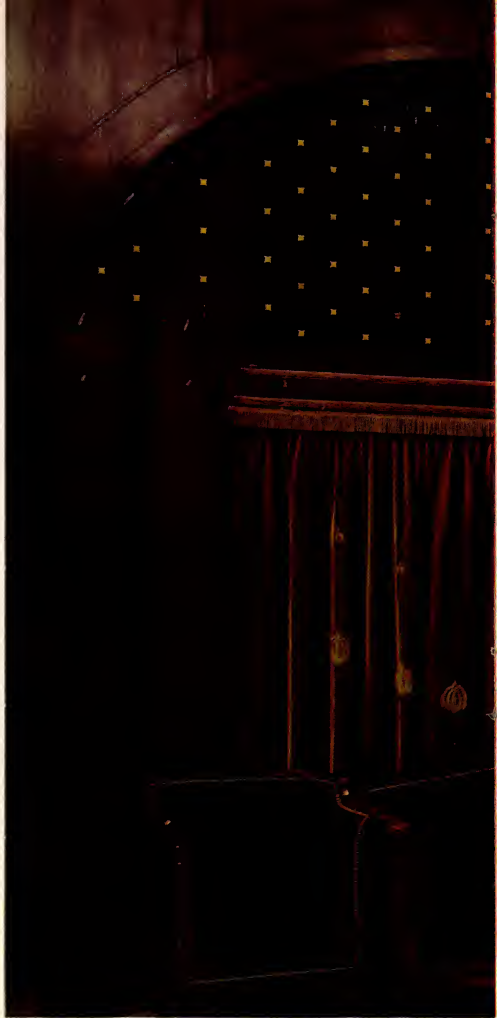
This authority is referred to in the scriptures as "the keys of the kingdom of heaven," (*idem*) and in celestial marriage those keys open the door to that kingdom.

Man has certain basic needs—moral, social, biological, and spiritual—and these can only be fully realized in the God-ordained institution of eternal marriage.

To live the abundant life here and eternal life hereafter, man must love and be loved, serve and sacrifice, have responsibility and exercise his God-given creative powers. "... I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." (John 10:10.)

But perhaps the greatest value of marriage is not that which accrues to the individual man and woman. The purpose of their union in the beginning is indicated by the Lord's commandment, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: ..." (Genesis 1:28.) In proper marriage there is opportunity for man to realize his natural urge to be creative and productive. This can be completely fulfilled and properly enjoyed only in the marriage relationship, in child bearing and child rearing. Parents should remember that the children born to them—their children—are also the children of God. He is the Father of their spirit bodies, and during the pre-earth existence he wisely made provision for eternal element and eternal spirit to be inseparably connected and receive a fulness of joy. Latter-day Saints therefore believe that God is actually the third partner in this relationship and that bringing children into the world within the divinely sanctioned institution of marriage is part of his plan to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.

When the Lord Jesus designated love of God and love of fellow men as the two great commandments, he glorified love. In fact, we are told that God is love. Therefore as God is eternal, so love must be eternal, and its fruits and blessings are intended to continue throughout the eternities to come. But to enjoy the privileges and advantages (Continued on page 598)





Marriages in the temple are performed in sealing rooms such as this. Here a man and a woman, dressed in white, and surrounded by their friends and loved ones are married for time and eternity, not "till death do you part."

The loveliest room in the temple is the spacious and richly furnished and decorated Celestial Room. The room symbolizes the high degree of exaltation to which man may attain if he lives according to the saving principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ.



Ich werde den langen ich den
auch die besten

so werden den ewige erhalten
sich in ~~den ewigen~~

THE LIGHT FROM LAMBARENE

BY MARK EVANS AUSTAD

Mark Evans Austad began his radio career at KSL in Salt Lake City, following a three year mission to Norway. At the present time he is vice president of Metromedia. He is also an active member of the Chevy Chase Ward of the Washington, DC Stake, and busy in community activities. A lecturer of note, he has spoken four years consecutively to the National Geographic Society in Constitution Hall before some 7,000 people.

It was my unforgettable good fortune to be exposed to The Light That Shines from Lambarene. For two memorable weeks, I talked to, watched, listened to, laughed, and ate with eighty-six-year-old Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

Our party consisted of: The Albert Schweitzer Educational Foundation, comprising several of the foremost United States Schweitzer scholars, including a college president, a college dean, a professor of philosophy, and the President of the Foundation, Dr. Herbert Phillips, as well as several interested students, an Episcopal minister, several housewives, and an eager-to-learn broadcast corporation vice president, with camera and tape recorder in hand.

My particular purpose was to attempt to capture the "Geist of Lambarene" (spirit) on film and tape. The job before me presented problems. For sound reasons, the good doctor doesn't trust cameramen and has a definite taboo on tape recorders. Because of language problems, it took me several days to establish the confidence needed. My film and tapes are unique, thanks to his understanding of my problem and his belief in my purpose for traveling so far.

Of the world's millions, I doubt very much that today there is anyone better known by name and yet so little known in purpose. Dr. Albert Schweitzer for many years has been heeded as one of the world's most respected men. For several years, the Gallop Poll has listed him second only to Winston Churchill

and Dwight Eisenhower.

After two weeks with this man, I have two observations: When people want to know what he is like, the answer I automatically give is, "He is a combination between everybody's grandfather and your favorite country doctor." He is kind, considerate, brilliant, and a benevolent dictator over Lambarene's hospital.

At eighty-six, he is in complete command, beginning his day at 6:00 am and working until lunch time. Following a brief rest, he continues a day of busy activity until the dinner bell rings at 6:30 pm. After dinner, he retires to his room for private conversation with guests, staff, and for intensive writing. His lamp continues to burn sometimes far past midnight. He is in excellent health, physically and mentally.

Aside from his hospital, his major concern is the testing of atomic bombs. He firmly believes that the most serious problems with testing are the results of radioactivity. It is his contention that the fourth or fifth generation will grotesquely reveal the error of our ways. Unless checked, he believes children will be born unrecognizable. He acts as if he is in a hurry to finish his latest philosophical book, which I am led to believe will deal with this subject.

One of the most interesting things I learned about Schweitzer is the protective possessiveness of the people near to him. There is almost a spirit of competition in protecting him—a sort of mental tug

of war. In accomplishing it, Miss Mathilda and Miss Ali, who have been with him a total of seventy years, give him devotion coupled with kindly protection. Seated on one side of him in the dining room Miss Mathilda, a wonderful, kindly German woman in her seventies, keeps a watchful eye on his dinner plate and general comfort. Miss Ali is his interpreter and corresponding secretary.

The hospital staff is made up of people from many nations. Dr. Takashi and his wife came from Japan. He is in charge of the leper village, and she assists in the kitchen. Dr. Richard Freeman is of Jewish parents who were natives of Hungary. Richard was born and grew up in Czechoslovakia and later became a resident of Dachau. The number tattooed on his left arm gives some reason for the mournful look in his eyes.

"Eric the Red," with a beard to match, a young twenty-year-old from Denmark, is a carpenter and is in great demand at Lambarene. Siegfried, a thirty-year-old from Germany, is converted to Schweitzer's philosophy and gives his time as a kind of over-all straw boss.

Marie Louise, a beautiful young American girl whose own children were attending private school in Maine, was attracted to Schweitzer-land and found comfort working at the *pouponniere* (the nursery). Her immediate charge was a youngster brought to her in his early hours of birth and close to death. The father, in desperation, secretly brought him to the hospital because of a tribal custom that if the mother dies, the child must be buried alive with the mother. The father, proud of his son after having had seven daughters, broke the tribal rules, and Marie Louise, from a fashionable home in New York State, adopted this infant—for the time she was in Lambarene—and brought it back to bubbling health. The temperature in the nursery generally exceeds ninety degrees, with the humidity even exceeding that figure.

Schweitzer has said, "No one can know me unless he sees me working at Lambarene." How helpful it is to know some of his philosophy before visiting him. The one-day tourist observes the hospital and its surroundings and immediately becomes critical of the *modus operandi*. It is Schweitzer's contention that a modern, up-to-date

(Continued on page 602)



Members of the Albert Schweitzer Educational Foundation: The author; Dr. Albert Schweitzer; Dr. John Regester, Dean of the University of Puget Sound; Margery Goebel, philosophy student; Mrs. Alyce Cheatham; Dr. Gaine Cannon, the American Schweitzer; Herbert Phillips, Jr.; Jane Staver of the Lewis & Clark University; Dr. Louis Norris, President of Albion College; Dr. Manuel Davenport, Professor at Colorado State University; Mr. Lee Ellerbrock; and Dr. Herbert Phillips.

Miss Mathilda, on Dr. Schweitzer's right, has served with him for thirty years; Mrs. Marie Cullum of New York City on his left, had charge of the nursery for a year.


In the inadequate medical offices at Lambarene, a patient is being treated for leprosy.

THE HOURS I SPEND WITH DAD

LOUISE SEXTON AKIN


*He doesn't stand out in a crowd, just an average, regular guy,
But to me he's like a king and stands near ten feet high.
He loves and understands me, whether I am good or bad.
They'll make the man that I will be, the hours I spend with Dad.
As we don't have much money and can't afford long trips,
He taught me how to whittle; we make our own winged ships
That travel on the nearest creek. We sail to foreign lands;
He takes me all around the world, from snow to desert sands.
We carve men and airplanes loved by all small boys;
I receive more happiness from them than costly toys.
We go exploring in the woods; we tramp for miles around.
He never is too busy to explain the things we've found.
We watch a caterpillar; we see a red-ant hill;
He says, "Don't move, you'll scare them. Watch . . . be very still!"
He hunkers down beside me, begins, "Now listen, Lad."
I absorb the wisdom which God has given Dad.
He seems to understand that I must make some noise,
And that I'm crammed with questions like all small growing boys—
Why rain and sun make colors, what makes them curve so high—
He explains the reason that the rainbow's in the sky.
We go to Church and Sunday School on every Sabbath day;
Sometimes I glance up at him when he bows his head to pray;
I've shed tears of happiness because I am so glad
That God has given me to "Pa" and not some other dad.
After work, when he gets home, and if the wind is right,
We go hunt our fishing poles, perhaps the fish will bite.
We go digging angleworms beside the old cow-shed;
We walk together, just like men, with Duke, my pup, ahead.
The times when I am all mixed up, troubled, or feel bad,
I know that I can always talk it over with my dad.
And if I am in the wrong, he'll say, "Apologize!"
He lives the Word of Wisdom, the commandments, he's so wise.
"Love thy neighbour as thyself," that is my dad's code.
He's preparing me, while I'm still young, to travel life's long road.
The best that this world offers, I know that I have had;
I treasure every minute, the hours I spend with Dad!*





LET US LIVE TO MAKE MEN FREE

BY MIRLA GREENWOOD THAYNE



Do you know that today in the comfort of your living room, you may listen to an actual reproduction of the sounds and report of the historic space voyage of America's first astronaut?

First, you will hear the count-down followed by the whistling roar of the take-off as Freedom 7 soars into flight. You will hear the recovery of the space craft after its fifteen-minute journey into outer space; then the voice of President Kennedy as, in his first report statement, he expresses his joy in the achievement.

What you hear next may surprise you a little. Scores of voices synchronize into song, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," and our own great Mormon Tabernacle Choir immortalizes the loved "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

You may wonder at the significance of climaxing such a report with a rendition of this song. There are those who will assume that it is just there to fill space. But as you listen to the words and you thrill at the fervor of the singers in their inspired interpretation of the grand exclamation, "As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free," you may well ask yourself—is not this the integral purpose of our race into space—to make and keep men free?

What a timely reminder to every American and what a tribute to the little lady of New York who, one hundred years ago said, "I long to help. What can I do? I cannot leave the nursery to follow the march of the soldiers. What can I do?"

Caught in the throes of the Civil War, Julia Ward Howe had witnessed the gathering of myriads of fighting men, armed to overwhelm the defenders of freedom. She had seen the campfires of the soldiers in "the hundred circling camps" that defended Washington, DC. She was oppressed by the great sin that she felt that her nation was committing against the very tenet that had fostered its birth. Then it came to her that God himself was moving in the midst of the vindicators of freedom, and, to quote her words: "He has pronounced His Will, and His Omnipotent Power will prevail for the right and this rebellion shall be quelled—this blot removed." Then as if in answer to her humble desire to help, words were given her to say "words that gave new courage to those who fought upon the battlefields and hope to those languishing in the prison."

It was in the late autumn of 1861. She had gone with her husband and a party of friends to appraise the troops near Washington. Regiments of weary soldiers were marching on the dusty road when, suddenly a surprise attack of the enemy surrounded a small body of troops. The soldiers who were taking part in the review were ordered back to their headquarters. The road became crammed with a profusion of tired men, and the Howes and their party were forced to drive slowly. As the hours lengthened, they begin singing some of the stirring songs of the Civil War days:

"John Brown's body lies a'mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a'mould'ring in the grave."

"Good for you! Good for you!" shouted some of the soldiers and the whole regiment took up the strain. Their lagging steps quickened, and their faces brightened as they marched to the rhythm of the song.

"You should write some new words to that song, Julia," one of the party suggested.

"I have often wanted to do just that," Julia answered.

Early dawn of the next day found Julia Ward Howe again thinking of the plight of her country. Suddenly, words began to sweep through her creative mind with the rhythm of marching feet. Line followed line; stanza yielded to stanza—all swinging into place. Was this the voice of the nation speaking through her she wondered. When the last stanza, with its pastoral

(Continued on page 594)

The wind was blowing hot and dry out of the southwest. Josh watched as the four men, bent and torn by the land, lowered the pine box into the grave. Dry-eyed he watched as the first dry clod bounced off the rough board. Uncomprehending he watched as the rasp of the shovels fell into a rhythmical pattern punctuated by an occasional grunt from the men. When the hole gave way to a mound, one of the men took a previously sharpened board and began to drive it into the ground with the back of his shovel. The name, Martha Sodderquist 1847-1891, neatly chiseled into the fresh pine board contrasted with the name stake at the head of the grave immediately to the right. It read, Lars Sodderquist 1831-1891. It still had not taken on the weathered look of the other stakes in the small, fenced-off plot which made the final resting place of the settlers of Cedar, Arizona Territory.

As Josh noticed the contrast in the boards, he thought this is the contrast between Pa and Ma. He recalled the 21st of just last February when Pa

LAND REMEMBERED

BY LEON L. PETERSON



had been left here alone. Now they were together again, lying side by side. That day in February the wind had blown cold and furiously out of the north. Josh remembered how Pa, who had fought in the Civil War, had wanted taps played over his grave, a real military funeral. But Pa's funeral had been like his death—a rather haphazard affair. The boy who played taps was cold from the gusty, unceasing wind, and his bugle was colder. Although he had blown with great effort, the results were hardly satisfactory. Josh had seen the boy leave the plot crying not because a man was left there, but because he had failed to blow taps satisfactorily.

Pa had lived two weeks after Blaze had kicked

him in the head. Most of the time he was delirious, but occasionally he was clear-headed. Pa had known though, and when able he had called Josh, Ma, and the two younger children to him. Josh remembered the last time Pa had talked to him.

It was close to morning when Pa had said in a modulated voice, "Ma, get Josh. I want to talk to him."

When Josh stood before the bed, sleepy-eyed and a little blurry, Pa said, "Josh, you've been a fine son. Now you've got to be a man. Be good to Ralph and Martha Jane; remember they're young. Take good care of Ma. She'll be needing your strength bad. She loves this land, Son. It's fitting that you should help her with it." He turned his gaze to the wall.



After Pa's death Josh had worked hard, much harder than a seventeen-year-old boy should. At first he had been harsh with the younger children. He had demanded and received a hundred-percent effort from himself, and he had expected the younger ones to give this much also.

After Pa's death Ma had cried a lot, especially at nights. Josh would lie awake and listen to the sniffles that were the forewarning of the great body-racking sobs. The sobs would finally dwindle down to quiet sniffles, and then because of exhaustion Ma slept.

During the day Ma had worked hard as ever or even harder. She was always up and stirring around the house when Josh awoke. Almost every day she had been in the fields with Josh. She had been there when the potatoes had been planted. She had been there when the corn had gone in. She had been there at the first irrigation and many of the following. Finally she had gone to bed utterly exhausted, and, because she had expended all her energy, she did not have the strength to recover. She had lain in bed for a week and before they had realized that she was so desperately ill had died in the night with no more noise than the breeze that had replaced the day wind.

The man had stopped pounding on the stake. There was nothing more to do now. Some of the settlers turned away and moved to the small gate. Others stood talking in hushed and subdued tones. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Rogers, close neighbors, crossed over. Millie Rogers touched Josh's sleeve tentatively. She then put her arms around him and hugged him as she might have hugged her oldest son if he had lived. With tears in her eyes she said, "Josh, I'll take Ralph and Martha with me. You come, too, when you get through here."

"Thank you . . . thanks a whole lot, Mrs. Rogers," Josh said. "I've got chores to do at the place, so I'll stay there." As he spoke, he glanced quickly at pretty Sally Rogers who stood at her mother's side. There was little resemblance between the natural freshness and abundance of gay spirit of Sally and the weather-chipped, tired-out features of Mrs. Rogers.

Sally aware of Josh's quick stare spoke, "Oh, Josh, I'm so sorry for you." Then she followed her parents and the young Sodderquist children from the small lot.

At last Josh and Brother Harrison were the only ones remaining within the thistle-surrounded fence. Brother Harrison said, "Well, Josh, what are your plans now?" Without waiting for an answer he continued, "Some say that you're going to leave, go back to Iowa to your Ma's folks. Or was it your Pa's folks in Minnesota? I advise you along this line, Josh. This is no country for your brother and sister. Far as that goes, this is no country for you, either. You

saw what it can do to people." He indicated the grave with his open hand.

"I ain't ready to make any decisions, yet. It's all too new, a week or two, and then I'll know what to do."

"No hurry, Josh. You're wise to take your time. Just remember that I'm prepared to give you a fair price for your land. That is, if'n you want to sell."

The wind abated somewhat as evening approached. The heat had left, but it seemed only a small relief to Josh's broiling mind. Still standing in the small rectangular plot, Josh at last gave vent to his feelings. The stillness that had descended upon the burying spot was shattered as he directed his cry to the graves—one fresh, the other five months old—and the sky, empty and void except for a black speck of a distant vulture, the age-old indicator of death.

"Why? Why? Someone tell me why? A land possessed by an infernal wind that brings only dust. Ma . . . Pa? Who's to tell me what to do? Keep this land, why?" He stooped and picked up a handful of the crumbly clay from the fresh mound. He watched as he sifted some of it through his fingers. Then he flung the rest to the earth with a violent, vengeful movement. "Never, never!"

Josh approached the empty house while the setting sun bathed the land in a red twilight. Josh paused in his approach and again appreciated the sight of the hardy locust and elm trees that his parents had nurtured so carefully over so many years—the only green in an otherwise sun yellow world! A lump had gathered in Josh's throat, and his breath came in a jerking gasp as he thought of the years of constant care. He remembered how Pa would sit under the trees in the evening and tell how green the Soddermanland countryside had been back in Sweden. Josh had perceived this land, Soddermanland, as the promised land, and he often wondered why Pa had left such a place. Once he had asked, and Pa had said something about a man breathing freer in America. He had said something else, but Josh couldn't remember now. He remembered Pa's determination to grow trees, for his old age he always said.

Josh went into the house and lighted a lamp. He jerked a chair from the table and slumped into it. Later, he did not know how much later, he heard a buggy drawn by a pair of trotters approach the house. He waited for the knock, and when it came, ignored it. It did not cease, only persisted stronger, until he finally called, "Come in."

Sally Rogers, fresh and wind-blown, came into the small circle of illumination from the kerosene lamp. "Josh, Douglas White just got back from Silver Creek. He said that there was word there that your Uncle Bert was coming (Continued on page 612)

Era of Youth

August 1962

Marion D. Hanks, Editor;
Elaine Cannon, Associate Editor

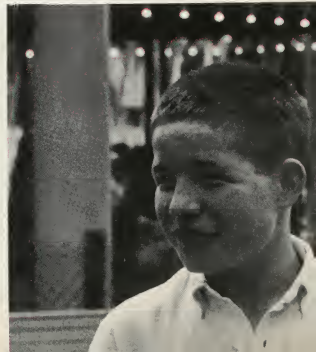
Just for fun





Just for fun . . . you're sewing and skating . . . plotting
and planting . . . quilting and camping . . . cooking out
and dining out . . . forming combos and quartets . . .
learning dances, brand new stances . . . painting and
reading . . . performing in Pageant . . . practicing and
plowing . . . and reaping. JUST FOR FUN . . . you're
traveling . . . seeing the world and your own home haunts
. . . making new friends . . . broadening your scopes . . .
cementing relationships . . . enjoying brief encounters . . .
learning and loving it all. JUST FOR FUN . . . you're laugh-

JOSEPH SMITH HOME, PALMYRA, NEW YORK





MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA



ing it up at amusement parks . . . hamming it up on an MIA stage . . . lapping it up on beaches . . . snapping it up on festival grounds . . . reeling it in on a fish lake . . . soaking it up anywhere at all 'neath the sun.

Whether you're working on a welfare project or rehearsing a road show, wheeling through a fun house barrel or hoeing a row of corn, you have a way of turning the whole experience into something wonderfully FUN. For instance:

In Palmyra, New York it's Pageant time and tourists and teens mill about the Hill Cumorah . . . visit the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith . . . stand silent for a moment where the Church was organized on the old David Whitmer farm . . . In Huddersfield, York, England, a priesthood group set off for Silkstone Village and rated





SILKSTONE VILLAGE, ENGLAND



THE SACRED GROVE, PALMYRA, NEW YORK



SAMOA



TORONTO, CANADA





raves from local folk for their good behavior and winning everlasting gratitude from one farmer when the boys voluntarily pitched in and helped him pitch hay. A day long job for the farmer done in shorter order when all the boys helped — just for fun! Advertising a “no smoking-no drinking” dance sponsored by the Galt Branch in Toronto, Canada brought curious villagers to peer in the door. They couldn’t believe such a function possible and still pleasurable. The floor show proved a high light with Rick Hawkins, an Explorer, bringing his fellow professionals on ice to perform for the group.

Winder Stake in South Salt Lake presented San Juan Outpost with Mrs. Sherwood Knowley directing and a whole host of youth turning thespian for the occasion. An Americanism evening was enjoyed by MIA members of the Los Angeles Stake.

Three different branches of the Samoan Mission are still talking about the treat of having top MIA leaders with them for youth conferences. Navu, Magiagi, and Pesega II youth participated in speech meets, community singing, testimony meeting, songfest contests, dance sessions, and refreshment hours. The Church College of Western Samoa echoed with shouts of over 250 young people participating in sack races, wheelbarrow races, a tug-of-war, and a volleyball tournament. Brother and Sister Marvin J. Ashton of the YMMIA superintendency, Brother and Sister Palmer Holt (she’s a counselor in the YWMIA presidency), and Brother and Sister Richard Tanner (he’s on the YMMIA General Board Scout committee) assisted in teaching everything from the Cha Cha to how to handle snare drums!

In Van Nuys, California, lives Shirley Green. She's a new convert and winning friends for the Church comes naturally to her. She finds her fun in being a talented member of the Hollywood Square Dance Group which has toured the United States several times and dances at both the Brussels and Seattle World's Fair . . . just for fun!





DETROIT, MICHIGAN



VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA



CARMEL, CALIFORNIA



NEW MISSION HOME, INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI



JOSEPH SMITH HOME, PALMYRA, NEW YORK



MIAers in Leicester, England, are the singiest people anywhere. They carol at Christmas and harmonize all summer, and the good they've done in bringing joy to nonmembers, inactives, and leaders of the Church can scarcely be measured. Vera Varney, Monica Jones, John Raymond Baron, and Connie Lovett saw to it that the bishop was serenaded with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Many a tearful smile present on that occasion!

Old-fashioned quilting bees are new-fashioned fun for MIA Maids of Moroni West Ward, Moroni, Utah. As part of a service project the girls, under the direction of Sister Clarissa Green, got together at repeated intervals and made a beautiful quilt which they presented to the Primary Children's Hospital on its completion.

San Leandro Stake MIA hosted eleven stakes of the California Division at a special youth conference. More than 1,800 youth combined fun, friendship, and firm avowal



MORONI, UTAH

SAN LEANDRO, CALIFORNIA



of devotion to the Church during the meeting and social following. W. Cleon Skousen, Sue Wardell, and Larry Bagley spoke on the theme: "Secret Combinations in the Latter Days."

Marching along together for the purpose of improved posture, poise, and personal appearance, a group of girls have become famous as the East Sharon Toppers. Lucile W. Brown started the group as part of the YWMIA sports program in East Sharon Stake, Provo, Utah. They've been in parades, festivals, floor shows, and athletic half-time productions.

The famous fifteen, as they're fondly known now, came from all over the Church to be honored during June conference Focus on Youth presentation in the Tabernacle. They're typical of LDS teens who are "not only good but good for something." A week of rehearsing, of entertaining and being entertained by top Church and civic officials began with the group kneeling in prayer before breakfast and ended with a cast party at Pioneer Village in Salt Lake. They wept as each shook hands with President McKay and marveled at the number of wonderful teens they met in Salt Lake. "Imagine having so many friends who are active LDS," they kept repeating. Winning the hearts of all were Lawrence Perkes, Raymond O. Lowry Jr., Steve Bramwell, Patti Mueller, Ina Van Aalst, Judy Nelson, Mary Anne Quinn, Michael D. Riggs, Dennis B. Knoles, Nancy



DETROIT, MICHIGAN



PROVO, UTAH



OMAHA, NEBRASKA





Brewer, Andrea Marie Lee, Heidi McKenzie, Bill and JoAnne Cochran, and Douglas Bowers.

Teens have been on the move elsewhere, too . . . Las Vegas, Nevada high school seminary students went by chartered bus to Disneyland in the annual senior class day-long jaunt . . . "The Cody Youth Group" emblazoned on the bus sides identified the group earning a trip to Seattle. They were housed in the homes of members of Seattle

PARK CITY, UTAH



Fourth Ward.

Sixty-five young people of the Murray 3rd Ward, Murray Stake, recently accepted a two-month mission call as they took parts and helped produce "Lisa," an original three-act musical play written by Gae Cowley and Judith Stephan. The challenging and heart-warming story moved nonmembers to investigate and members to re-evaluate. A three-hour testimony meeting followed the performances.



And what
are you doing . . .

Just for
FUN!
✿



DETROIT, MICHIGAN





HOW MANY STANZAS SHALL WE SING ???

BY ALEXANDER SCHREINER

TABERNACLE ORGANIST
CHAIRMAN, SENIOR MUSIC COMMITTEE ON SUNDAY SCHOOL
GENERAL BOARD
MEMBER, GENERAL MUSIC COMMITTEE OF THE CHURCH

This paper, written at the request of the General Music Committee, is approved by it and by its advisers.

The question of the number of stanzas of hymns which our people shall sing is raised occasionally. At times the opinion is given that all stanzas should always be sung, and that violence is done to the hymn if any stanza is left out. At other times, opinion favors the appropriateness and even expediency of having fewer than the complete number of stanzas used.

Can a valid ruling be found? Is it desirable to establish a hard and fast rule? Perhaps a general recommendation may be formulated.

The following approved statement takes the point of view that our people should be asked to use their good judgment in the number of stanzas which are sung. The terms "verse" and "stanza" are often used synonymously. "Verse" is properly a single metrical line of poetry; a "stanza" is a group of such lines. Whereas our present hymnbook contains hymns with usually three or four stanzas, but also with as many as seven and eight in older hymnbooks, we often find many more. For example, in our own *Sacred Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, published originally in 1840, with the twenty-fifth edition appearing in 1912, we find hymns by Parley P. Pratt, Eliza R. Snow, and W. W. Phelps with as many as nine, ten, twelve, and sixteen and more stanzas.

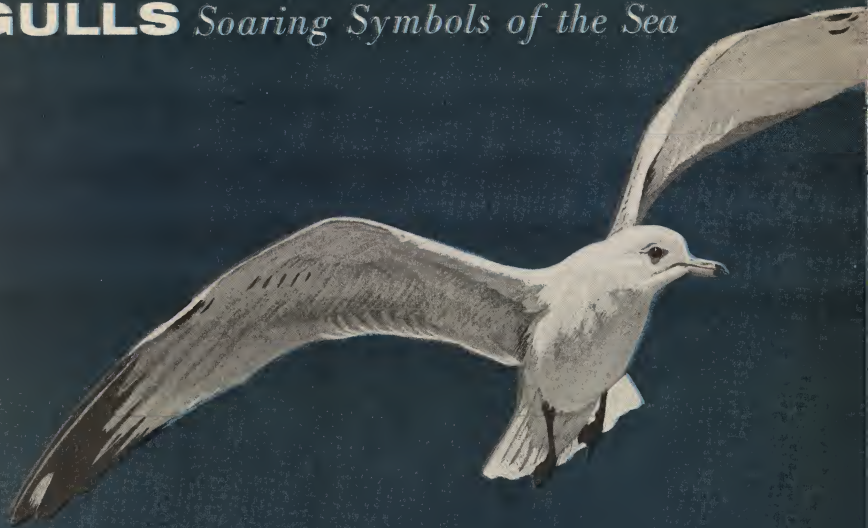
In our present hymnbook "How Firm a Foundation" has seven stanzas. Hymn 244, "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken" has seven, and in the earlier hymnbook it had ten.

What we sing as "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow" is originally stanza number eight in the hymn "Awake My Soul" by Thomas Ken.

It does not seem likely that all the verses were ever intended to be used every time that the hymn was sung. We do know that years ago the presiding person said something like this: "Let us sing hymn number so and so, verses one, three, nine, and ten." This procedure may still be found in operation on hymn boards in many churches, with numbers posted thus: "Hymn 156, v. 1, 3, 9, 10." Only the indicated verses are then used.

In an ideal hymn the verses are not consecutive
(Continued on page 596)

GULLS *Soaring Symbols of the Sea*



BY JACK B. KEMMERER

Marine birds are as striking a feature of the seascape as any fish, and the flying silhouette of a gull against the horizon creates a picture you'll always remember.

Flocks of gulls resting lightly on the waters of our harbors, bobbing on the waves like a toy boat, playing around docks and piers, or just sitting motionless on a breakwater are familiar sights to all who live along or visit any of the coastal areas of the world.

They are best known of all sea birds, and those unacquainted with ornithology often call any bird seen at sea a sea gull. The gulls are long-winged sea birds of moderate to fairly large size, ranging in length of body from one foot to two feet six inches. They have short necks and rather short legs. In adult plumage nearly all gulls have the body and tail white and the wings and back gray or black. The

majority of the nearly fifty species of gulls have white heads, but a number do acquire a dark hood during the breeding season.

Gulls are the garbage collectors of the sea. As sea scavengers they welcome as food dead fish, garbage, and offal of various sorts, and their services in cleaning up such materials is of considerable value in preventing pollution of harbors and beaches.

The versatility of the gull shows his degree of intelligence. He is equipped for life on the water. His webbed feet are for swimming, but he doesn't seem to care whether nature equips him for the sea or not. His taste often runs to angleworms, grasshoppers, crickets, and field mice instead of sardines. As the notion strikes him, he will take up quarters far from any ocean.



One species, the California gull, is extremely fond of field mice, and during an outbreak of that pest in Nevada in 1907-8, thousands of gulls flocked into and near the devastated alfalfa fields and fed entirely on mice, eliminating them from the fields in a short time. The gulls then disappeared as mysteriously as they had arrived.

Franklin's gulls seem to avoid the ocean most of the time. Their range is from the wheat fields of southern Canada down through Montana, Wisconsin, and the Dakotas. In the spring thousands of these gulls can be seen following the plowman, picking up various types of insects and larvae. In Canada, Franklin's gulls are commonly called, "Prairie Chickens."

That at least one community has not forgotten the

substantial debt it owes to the gull is attested in Salt Lake City, where a monument surmounted by bronze figures of two gulls was erected in 1913 at a cost of \$40,000.

The Sea Gull Monument was erected "In Grateful Remembrance of the Mercy of God to the Mormon Pioneers." In the spring of 1848 black crickets by the millions threatened to ruin the crops upon which depended the very lives of the settlers. Suddenly—as a heaven-sent miracle—tremendous flocks of gulls appeared out of the sky and devoured vast numbers of the destructive insects, until the fields were entirely freed from them. In 1849 and again in 1850 crickets again attacked the crops and were repelled by the gulls. Today you will still find many gulls flying in and out of Utah where (Continued on page 598)

“This is the testimony last

CONDUCTED
BY THE
UNIFIED
CHURCH
SCHOOL
SYSTEM

In the restored Church of Jesus Christ, almost all active members have an opportunity at some time to teach principles of the gospel to others. We may be assigned to teach a course related to the Book of Mormon, New Testament, Church history, or to any gospel subject. In each case there is a wealth of material which may take much studious effort to understand

and to teach; for example, we can spend relatively great amounts of time teaching about the migrations and military stratagems in the Book of Mormon, or about chronological historical events in the development of the Church in our day,

or about the geography and economic background of Palestine during New Testament times. We could teach a class of Book of Mormon students about the many internal and external evidences that the work was not written by Joseph Smith, but with the help of divine inspiration. In Church history we might convey an appreciation for the testimony and faith which moved a great number of people to undergo extreme hardships to preserve their religious beliefs. In New Testament, we might teach that Jesus taught eternal principles of righteousness that will lead man to happiness both here and hereafter.

It is possible to achieve these objectives most successfully and yet miss the fundamental or basic objective for which we should strive—to teach that Jesus is the Christ. We would fail in great measure if,

for instance, a class of Church history students were to complete the course without having their testimonies strengthened that Jesus is the Christ and that he not only had great personal influence in the meridian of time but has exercised and does now exercise great influence in the world today through his Church and prophets. A Book of Mormon course could not be considered a success, no matter how intellectually stimulating, if we fail to achieve, in a measure, the simple, straightforward objective stated on the title page of the book itself “the convincing . . . that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God.”

Were we to teach a New Testament course and not provide our students with the spiritual insight that the Savior was more than a righteous man—that he was and is, in actuality, the Son of God who brought to us a “plan of salvation” and the assurance of a literal resurrection, we would have to admit we had failed. There never was a time when the message that “Jesus is the Christ” was of greater importance than it is today.

On a university campus, not long ago, it was the writer’s pleasure to participate in several discussions with some gentlemen from widely scattered areas who represented at least ten different Christian denominations. Throughout several hours the group discussed such things as the place of religion in a person’s life, the nature of religious authority, and their individual concepts of the Savior. Among other expressions of personal philosophy, several leaders presented the following points of view: Jesus was a great moral teacher; he was the one in whom “God was most completely able to reveal himself”; he was not the Son of God in any literal sense; he was not born of a virgin; he did not bring with him any authority beyond that which his followers bestowed upon him for his “goodness”; the ordinances taught by him

of all . . .”

BY JOE J. CHRISTENSEN, DIRECTOR, MOSCOW, IDAHO, INSTITUTE OF RELIGION

were “fine if they helped the individual fulfill his own personal psychological needs” but they were not really necessary for salvation. While the group was discussing the nature of religious authority, one leader said that all he really knew was that he, himself, existed and that he believed God existed somehow, somewhere. This was his position at that time. He pointed out that later his understanding might be different. One member of the group defined his position as an “existentialistic” Christian. Needless to say, the discussions were disturbing to one who considers the Savior divine.

Leaving one of the meetings, the writer came in contact with one of the religious leaders who was in charge of the missionary efforts of his church throughout a large area of the United States. This clergyman commented that he had become aware of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and its missionary system primarily through members of his own church who had asked him to come into their homes and clear up some of the questions left by our missionaries. Following this observation, he specifically stated that he did not really understand our missionary system. Why, he wanted to know, did we send missionaries among professing Christians who were active in their various churches? He explained that when the missionaries of his church knock on the door of a home in which the occupants are active in *any* denomination, they leave and carry their message to someone else who is “unchurched.” He implied strongly that we should limit our missionary efforts in the LDS Church in the same way and not bother active members of other faiths.

Later, our discussion turned to our mutual reaction to many of the ideas about Christ—his place in religion and in the world—which we had heard during the seminar discussions. Being from a church which

tends to cling more than some other faiths to conservative traditional concepts of the Savior, he expressed some alarm at the present status of Christianity as represented by the opinions of the various leaders. We seemed to share a common concern about this.

The writer then asked, “Would it not clear up a lot of questions and be a wonderful thing, if someone in *our* era were to receive knowledge directly from Christ, revealing his nature and his relationship to God the Father and to man—much like we read about in the scriptures?” Unhesitatingly, he responded, “That is what we need most!”

In sincerity, the writer bore his testimony that this is the very reason our young LDS missionaries knock on doors of members of his and *every* church. We believe that this *has* happened—that Jesus has revealed himself to man in *our* time. To us this is the most important message man can hear today, and for this reason we do not limit it to those who are the “unchurched.”

Very often, the writer has pondered this experience, feeling a great debt of gratitude for the knowledge we have been given through the restoration of the gospel and the Prophet Joseph Smith’s message, that “. . . after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: *That he lives!*”

“*For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; . . .*” (D&C 76:22-23. Italics added.) This is the most important message teachers of the gospel in any setting can proclaim—that Christ lives; that he is divine; that he is literally the Son of God; and that obedience to his teachings and ordinances are necessary for the salvation and happiness of all men.

When we teach any gospel subject, if we do less than teach that Jesus is the Christ, we have failed.

Trek to the North

(Continued from page 569)

The temple meets the eye against this thrilling backdrop with almost startling suddenness. Its lines are straight and chaste and classic, in every sense a holy place, fashioned after the temples of the prehistoric races of America.

Here we have a symbol of a pioneer people, their stability, culture and faith—faith in themselves, their leaders, and their God who brought them to this Zion on Canadian soil.

This is jubilee year in Cardston, southern Alberta's temple city, when the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the frontier settlement on Lee's Creek is being marked. Festivities in keeping with this historic event are being held as friendly

Cardston plays host to the world.

It is covered wagon days living again as the populace unites in honoring the pioneers, the heroic legion of men and women who laid the foundations in the winning of the West.

It was the early summer of 1887. The prairie grass was green, the chinook wind clean and bracing to the folk in the lumbering wagon train from Utah, heading north to found a new home on the broad Canadian prairies.

They had left for the long trek in April. The company was destined to make history. Mormon pioneers moved as had their fathers to a new land beckoning on the frontier. At their head was Charles Ora Card, president of the Cache Stake of Zion, most northerly stake of the Church at that time.

Then came the eventful day of the long and wearisome journey, as Jane Woolf Bates relates in her valuable history:

"It was June 1, at 10:30 am when President Card stopped his team now always in the lead since leaving Helena. Mrs. Card was assisted by him to alight or rather to climb out over the wagon wheel. They stood by a pile of stones. He waved his hat and shouted something which none could hear but all understood.

"Wagons were drawn up while smiling occupants alighted and gave their salutes—shouts of 'Hurrah for Canada,' 'Three cheers for Canada,' 'Canada or Bust.' Laughter and gladness on every hand. Snatches of songs were sung. Each selected a stone which was added to the fast growing mound marking the boundary. They had reached the new homeland. They were nearing the end of the trail."

Pushing north through Immigration Gap the wagon train reached the St. Mary River and was halted on account of high water. It looked hazardous. It was Thursday, June 2, and Fast Day. Special prayers were offered for the safety of the company. Next morning they rejoiced and gave thanks to the Lord for his answer to their petitions, for during the night the river had dropped two feet and was safe to cross, of which they were assured by the red-coated Mountain Police who were there to officially welcome the settlers.

On June 3rd these pioneers reached the banks of Lee's Creek, pitched their tents and soon had

The fallacy of the collective cloak

RICHARD L. EVANS



Last week we talked of the fallacy of justifying our own faults by pointing to the faults of others, and of the fallacy of trying to eliminate personal responsibility by multiplying participants. Too often we seem to try to hide under a collective cloak, to assume that an act or utterance in the name of a crowd or a group or an organization or institution is something for which no one is personally responsible. "We live," said E. H. Chapin, "too much in platoons; we march by sections; we do not live in our individuality enough; we are slaves to fashion in mind and heart, . . ."¹ But with all collective act and utterance there is still a personal responsibility. Things simply don't do themselves or decide themselves. This hiding under a collective cloak, this shrinking from personal responsibility, is one of the reasons why crowds and combinations of people can sometimes go so far afield—this fallacy of supposing that something done in the name of a group is after all something quite different from an individual action. There is no such thing as a collective conscience. Conscience is within each of us. And there is no such thing as making a wrong right simply because more than one person participates, or simply because each one considers his part to be impersonal. For our votes, our acts, our utterance, our influence, our encouragement—or even for our indifference or silent consent—all of us have a share of responsibility. "Each one of us here," said Carlyle, "let the world go how it will, . . . has he not a Life of his own to lead? . . . The world's being saved will not save us; nor the world's being lost destroy us. We should look to ourselves: . . ."² "Sin with the multitude," said Tryon Edwards, "and your responsibility and guilt are as great and as truly personal, as if you alone had done the wrong."³ "It is a very serious duty, perhaps, of all duties the most serious," said Nathaniel Emmons, "to look into one's own character and conduct, and accurately read one's own heart. . . ."⁴ "'Tis greatly wise to talk with our own hearts, and ask them how we stand. . . ."⁵ There is no known way in groups or organizations or institutions, or in society itself, to separate ourselves by a collective cloak from principles or from personal responsibility.

¹Edwin Habbell Chapin (1814-1880), Am. Unit. clergy.

²Carlyle, *On Heroes and Hero-Worship*, Lecture V.

³Tryon Edwards (1809-94), Am. theol. and editor.

⁴Nathaniel Emmons (1745-1840), Am. theol.

⁵Edward Young (1683-1765), Eng. poet.

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, May 6, 1962. Copyright 1962.

the first sturdy home built on the site of Cardston, despite the blanket of fresh snow covering the valley. This first home was the Card home, a rugged landmark still standing in the heart of the now thriving Temple City.

Church services were held June 5th in the tent of Josiah Hammer and at that memorable meeting it is said the first prophecy was heard, declaring that a temple would be built in Canada. The hearts of the Saints were made glad that day, especially the heart of their venerable leader who had supervised the building of the Logan Temple and tabernacle. Sharing his joy was his devoted wife, the beloved "Aunt Zina" Young Card, a daughter of Brigham Young who is still remembered as the "Mother of the Colonies."

The Lee's Creek country was not unknown to President Card. He and two associates, Bishop Isaac Zundell and Elder James W. Hendricks, on counsel of President John Taylor, had undertaken a colonization mission in 1886 into Canada to select a site for a settlement, on British soil, where the prophet of God said they would find "British justice." This, as President Card always said, they had.

This was an era of expansion in the whole intermountain west. The country was astir. New areas were being opened to settlement. The Church was growing in spite of bitter persecution. And so it was that Charles Ora Card and his two companions traveled north through Idaho, Washington, and across the line into British Columbia. There an old mountaineer told them of the "deeply grassed Indian plains" east of the Rockies in Alberta.

Hither they journeyed, traveling by rail from Kamloops to Calgary thence south by democrat [a light, uncovered wagon of two or more seats]. There they found the fertile plains and foothills of southwestern Alberta. Lying at the foot of the friendly Rockies, it reminded them of their own mountain home in Utah. President Card blessed the land as a new gathering place for the Saints.

The Lee's Creek area was chosen for the first townsite; they then returned to Utah and reported their colonization mission to President Taylor, who gave it his warm approval. They remained over the winter, and early in the spring of

1887, to quote President Card: "I took my journey to Helena, where I was joined by Thomas E. Ricks of Rexburg, Idaho, Bishop Thomas X. Smith of the Logan Fourth Ward, Elder Niels Monson of Hyrum, the latter conveying us from there to Lee's Creek, Alberta. On the 27th of April we located the site of what is now known as the village of Cardston."

The advance party planted gardens and left for Helena where

President Card met the northbound immigrant train, traveling in covered wagons.

At Helena the settlers bought supplies and rested for the long, wearisome drive to the Blackfoot Indian reservation and on to Canada.

The immigrants found in Canada a land richly carpeted with bunch grass and prairie flowers—the fragrant wild rose was a favorite. Lakes and rivers added charm to the eye. The mountain passes were inviting,

Mothers – and their need to be needed

RICHARD L. EVANS



There comes to mind a gentle mingling of many thoughts on mothers, and it would be difficult to consider this subject without an intermixing of tender emotion, as the words of William Goldsmith Brown remind us: "The sweetest sounds to mortals given Are heard in Mother, Home, and Heaven."¹ There are times, early times and others, when a devoted, understanding mother is needed more than almost anything one might mention—a need so urgent and obvious as to make difficult the utterance of it. And then the years pass, and for mothers there may come a great gap between feeling much needed and feeling needed little, or a little less, as Jean Ingelow's words suggest: "To bear, to nurse, to rear, To watch and then to lose, To see my bright ones disappear, Drawn up like morning dews."² For mothers, as for others also, there is need to know that they are needed, long after the period of complete dependence has passed, long after tender nurturing and nourishing; long after the early years of youth—even to the later years of life—there is need to know that they are needed, for strength, for understanding, for counsel, for comfort—need for mothers waiting, watching, often worrying; mothers giving, doing, sharing, caring, and constantly encouraging. A waiting mother is one of the great safeguards of life, and mothers need to know that they are needed, loved, wanted, appreciated, as a performer needs approval and applause. As wrote one writer of half a century since: "A woman can stand anything but being forgotten, not being needed. . . ."³ Mothers bless, and are blessed, by being needed in the daily lives of loved ones. And so the years must endlessly remind us how much they do, or did; how much they mean, and meant—how much they now must mean. There is need for all of us to know, as families, how much we need each other always—for the family is forever. And now to close may we recall these thoughtful quoted words from a thoughtful writer: "Where's Mother?" could be heard through the hallway. And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said: 'We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A Mother like ours is more than a Memory. She is a Living Presence.'⁴

¹William Goldsmith Brown, *Mother, Home, Heaven*.

²Jean Ingelow, *Songs of Seven: Seven Times Six*.

³Mary Stewart Cutting, *What Is a Successful Husband?*

⁴Temple Bailey, *A Little Parable for Mothers*.

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, May 13, 1962. Copyright 1962.

and feathered game abounded. While the sagebrush of their old Utah home had been left behind with the canyon picnic spots, over all to the west and south of the little settlement rose Chief Mountain, steeped in Indian lore—an age-old landmark on the Great North Trail which skirted the mountain ranges from Mexico to the Barrens.

Eight families, including forty-one men, women, and children, made up the original company on the long trek, who brought in teams, cattle,

implements, and household effects. Some of the women carried their rocking chairs on the already over stuffed wagons. "Aunt Zina" had her folding chair strapped to the back of her wagon. There were hardships on the journey, with long, exhausting drives to reach wood, water, and grass. The laneness developed by the cattle with hooves cracked or gravel coated caused delays, but these hooves were washed, filled with tar, and wrapped in gunny sacking until healed.

At some points en route north the settlers encountered a serious water shortage, but these resourceful pioneer women met the problem by bathing their children in milk.

The Sabbath was observed as a day of rest and worship. There was no deviation from this rule, and the party gathered new strength and courage in the stirring marching hymn of their faith, "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

The Mormon settlers soon won the confidence of their Indian neighbors, the Bloods. President Card and Chief Red Crow made a pledge of friendship which has never been broken. Of the historic meeting of the two leaders, Mike Oka, aged member of the tribe, has given us this account:

"In 1887 Chief Red Crow heard a number of white settlers who had arrived at what is now known as Cardston, and so the chief, his wife, and one of his sons, Chief Moon, and myself made a visit to these white people, on horseback, because in those days wagons were very scarce on the reserve.

"We came upon their encampment by Lee's Creek, east of Arvin Stoddard's barn . . . I never saw so many covered wagons in all my life. Mr. Card (*In-no-ye-sto-ye*), meaning Long Beard, had a long talk with us.

"Mr. Card told us that some day we would come back to the white race and be wise and intelligent like them, so today Mr. Card's prophecy is showing strong among the younger generation.

"After Mr. Card's talk to the chief, the chief in return with his hands clasped in Mr. Card's hands told him that his children, meaning the Blood Indians, will be brothers and friends to the white man as long as Old Chief Mountain is looking on the land. Mr. Card gave us food and we went home."

The settlers had other visitors. These were the riders of the Cochrane Ranch to the northwest, the country's biggest cattle outfit at the time founded by the late Senator Cochrane and run by his son "Billy" Cochrane.

After the ranch hands had watched the Mormons from a distance, they galloped back to the home ranch and reported that they were down there on Lee's Creek plowing up the country and building cabins on some of the best

A mother – a father, waiting

RICHARD L. EVANS



Last week we remarked that a waiting mother is one of life's surest safeguards, or as someone said it: "The memory of a mother waiting is a safeguard against temptation."¹ A mother—a father—a parent who cares enough to wait, and worry, who cares enough to counsel and to be concerned, is among the greatest of blessings to children and to society that God has given. Of course, young people may become impatient and wonder why parents want to know—need to know—where they go, what they do, the kind of company they keep; activities, attitudes, and interests; the course of life they intend to take. But in the complexity of our problems, it becomes increasingly apparent that a loving, healthy, happy family is one of the most steady factors of life, and one of the surest sources of safety. Always there is temptation, always there are those who would coax and dare and seek to induce departure from safe principles and practices. There are evils and errors, heartaches and heartbreaks, wasted time and wasted lives. And always in young people there is a measure of independence, of wanting to strike out to see and decide for themselves, which is altogether understandable. But to you who are young: Don't misjudge the motives of parents, or their experience or responsibility, or their cause for concern. In the words of one earnest writer: "Children do not know how their parents love them, and they never will till the grave closes over those parents, or till they have children of their own."² It is part of the responsibility of parents to teach, to train, to help prevent the making of many mistakes and to help youth prepare for a useful, happy future, without the bitterness or penalties that come with ignoring principles that have so long been proved in the past, and it would be improper for them not to know their children's plans and purposes. There may be irritations and irksome restrictions at times, or so it may seem. But in looking back there will be great gratitude for those who helped avoid serious, time-wasting, heartbreaking mistakes, who helped to keep them on course. "The memory of a mother—a father—waiting—is a safeguard against temptation."

¹ Author Unknown.

² Edmund Vance Cooke (1886-1932) (Am. auth. and lec.)

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, May 20, 1962. Copyright 1962.

range. "Billy" Cochrane heard their story, and grinned:

"Don't worry about the Mormons, boy. They'll winter kill anyway."

But the Mormons did not winter kill as the agricultural history of Western Canada attests. The Cochranes became friends of the settlers, and the cash earned the first fall in the settlement, from haying contracts with the ranch, was like manna from heaven. Later, at the turn of the century, the beautiful 67,000 acre ranch became the property of the Church in one of the biggest land deals in that booming era. Much of the land was colonized by the Church, becoming the United Irrigation District.

The Cochrane Ranch itself is one of three cattle ranches owned and operated by the Church in Canada. One is the Knight Ranch, south of Raymond, named for its founder the late "Uncle Jesse" Knight of Provo, Utah.

It was the Knights who introduced the beet sugar industry in Western Canada, building a factory at Raymond, following completion of the first irrigation canal in the west.

The Sir Alexander T. Galt interests financed the irrigation venture with Mormon settlers from Utah and Idaho doing the actual work and receiving half payment in cash, the remainder in land. Price of the land was six dollars an acre.

President Card saw much of this development. For nearly twenty years he was active in Church, business, and civic affairs and became the first mayor of Cardston when that settlement became an incorporated town in 1901. When the Alberta Stake was organized in 1895, he became its first president, and he started the first co-operative store, the first sawmill, first gristmill, and other enterprises on the co-operative basis as had been fostered in Utah by Brigham Young. He was also a pioneer in irrigation. Honored and loved by thousands, Charles Ora Card was a tireless leader to within three years of his death, when he returned to his old home in Logan where he died September 9, 1906.

Zina Young Card, "Aunt Zina," as she was affectionately called, the devoted wife of President Card, also played a prominent part in the Cardston settlement, being the main-spring of the cultural and social life of the community. She survived her husband a number of years, and

while residing in Salt Lake City, she served as matron of the LDS University for a number of years.

President Card visioned the building of a temple at Cardston but did not live to see the rise of the marble and granite walls of the imposing sacred edifice.

The temple, a symbol of the faith and permanency of the Church in Canada, was dedicated by President Heber J. Grant on July 23, 1923. A new and inspiring leader, Edward J. Wood of Cardston, was the first president, serving for twenty-five years.

President Card's death marked the close of the pioneer era of Latter-

day Saint colonization in Canada. From the mere handful of Mormon pioneer settlers seventy-five years ago at Cardston there are now an estimated 40,000 Latter-day Saints in Canada, with the population of Cardston crowding 3,000.

The Card colony, pathfinders and builders, traveled uncharted trails, forded rivers, and built schools and churches; and with trust in God they founded a new home on the frontier for the Saints of many lands.

This year they are receiving the thanks of thousands. The tales of yesterday are being retold in historical Cardston today.

Seventy-five years after its found-

The family circle . . .

RICHARD L. EVANS



We have talked in recent weeks of mothers, of fathers, and now but for a moment would consider the family circle. If each day we awoke we were aware that we were surely one day nearer to the end of all that means the most—the end forever of seeing beloved faces of family, of friends, the end of life's sweetest associations—if this, indeed, were our actual outlook, there surely could be frustration and cynicism, and life's sweetest memories could be but memories of remorse. Indeed, what is most dearly loved and then forever lost must be a matter of remorse. But this, most blessedly, is not the pattern or the purpose or the promise God has given. But suppose it were: suppose that even here and now we were to lose our place in the circle of family and friends; suppose that we could never be again with those who mean the most; suppose we never could go home to loved ones waiting. Life could be cruel and empty under such circumstances. George Eliot said in a striking, searching sentence: "I desire no future that will break the ties of the past."¹ The ties to life, to loved ones, to the blessed everlasting reality of family and friends, to things that we can count on, give faith and peace and purpose and assurance for the future. And so, to those who have lost—and to those who may lose—those whom most they love, we come again to a reaffirming of this faith—faith in the eternal continuance of truth, of intelligence, of personality, of personal eternal progress; faith in the purposes of him who made us in his image; faith in the literal reality of everlasting life with those we love. In time, as in eternity, there is nothing more blessed or important than the completeness of the family circle, and the place of each of us in it. And knowing many who have gone before, we may know how wonderful it must be where loved ones wait. "I desire no future that will break the ties of the past"¹—for heaven could only be heaven with family and friends.

¹George Eliot (1819-80) Eng. novelist.

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, May 27, 1962. Copyright 1962.

ing, the curtain of history is being rolled back to the covered wagon days. The old days are being revived, and as the spirit of the past is revived for the present generation, there will be salutes to the past and to the future, for Cardston will continue to grow in this challenging next quarter century.

From out this thriving Canadian colony, by adoption and by birth, have sprung some of the stalwarts of present-day LDS leadership. Presi-

dent Hugh B. Brown of the First Presidency and Elder Nathan Eldon Tanner, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, were born in the Salt Lake area, but they found Canada to be their great land of growth and opportunity. President Brown's wife, Zina Young Card Brown, was the third baby to be born in the LDS colony. Elder Victor Lee Brown, Second Counselor in the Presiding Bishopric is a native of Cardston.

Let Us Live to Make Men Free

(Continued from page 581)

beauty of Christ and the lilies intensified into the soul-stirring climax, she sprang from her bed, electrified by the experience. Groping in the dark, she fumbled for a piece of paper and a pen. The great "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was scribbled on a scrap of official correspondence paper, bearing the heading, "Sanitary Commission, Washington D.C. Treasury Building, November 16, 1861."

"I like this better than most verses I have written," Julia told herself, as she went back to bed. Little did she dream of the impact that those inspired words would have upon her country through the century to come.

The song made its way with incredible speed. It was sung; it was recited; it was chanted as a prayer on the eve of strategic battles. It was printed in newspapers, in army prayer books, and after being translated into other languages, it became the sacred scroll of millions.

Among the singers of the Battle Hymn was the fighting chaplain, Charles McCabe of the 122nd Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He read the poem in the *Atlantic Monthly* and was so impressed by it that he memorized it before he set the magazine down. When, after his capture at Winchester he was confined to prison, the song was one thing that no one could take away from him.

There was consternation among the captives of Libby Prison. Hundreds of soldiers were huddled together. They were dispirited by a false report that had just reached the prison. The rumor was that one of the most crucial battles of the war had ended with victory for the enemy. Men gathered in groups, some sitting on the bare floor, others lying down. They flung questions at each other: how, where, why had their men failed? Chaplain McCabe listened quietly to the disconcerting conversation.

Suddenly a door opened admitting a slave carrying food to the prisoners.

"You have been falsely informed," he whispered to one of the men. "Of course there was a great battle—but it ended in victory for the Union."

The word flashed through the

A gentle, kindly communication

RICHARD L. EVANS



Last week, in speaking of marriage, we suggested a gentle, kindly, open communication as one of the qualities required, and we know of nothing more essential for the day-to-day understanding of each other and for explaining many moods and for avoiding many hurts. There is sometimes need for silence, and there is sometimes need for talking—and both have their place and purpose. And there are different kinds of silence: There is thoughtful silence; peaceful, understanding silence; there is moody silence; there is inconsiderate silence; there is hurt silence, silence where people harbor hurts in their hearts and brood about them, or imagine offenses, or make small things seem large, and fail to get them out into the open. Marriage is a sharing of ourselves, a giving of ourselves. And it means a sharing and a giving of our thoughts, our minds, our moods, our hopes and dreams, our plans and purposes in closest confidence. And people who are so closely associated, so closely concerned, so closely and rightfully a part of a partnership, need to know, to understand, to communicate, to get through to each other. The small hurts, and large ones also, are often avoided if there is understanding, and there can be understanding only if there is communication. This doesn't necessarily mean loquacious communication. And it doesn't mean only talking about big things. There is wisdom and satisfaction and a closeness of confidence in sharing small things also: what happened during the day, the small success and hopes and failures and feelings. And fears also are often softened by a gentle, kindly communication. In marriage there must be a completeness of confidence and a completeness of understanding also, which calls for an open channel of communication, a two-way interchange of ideas, of thoughts and feelings. Where things are harbored in the heart, where there is no adequate outlet, real things—or many things imagined, may fester and build up pressures. One of the essentials of safety and success in marriage is a gentle, open outlet of quiet and confident and kindly two-way talk—frank when it needs to be, honest also, but always gentle, always understanding, always kindly and considerate—communication that is never cutting or unkind.

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, March 4, 1962. Copyright 1962.

prison. Men shouted. Some wept as they embraced each other. Then, above the frenzied tumult, a mighty tenor voice arose. Someone was singing, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," and Chaplain McCabe's great voice took on the exaltation of a prayer of gratitude. The men ceased their babbling and joyously joined in the refrain. "Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on!" The battle that had thus inflamed the inmates of Libby Prison was the famous Battle of Gettysburg.

After his release from prison, Chaplain McCabe was requested to tell the story of his wartime experiences before a distinguished audience in the nation's capital. Recalling his impressions of the night in Libby Prison, he became so filled with emotion that words failed him, and he began to sing the battle hymn. Every heart was touched. When he came to the chorus, the congregation arose. How they sang! Then the band joined in. There was a tumult of applause which subsided only when a tall angular figure arose from the assembly. His countenance glowed. Tears rolled down his boney cheeks.

"Sing it again," he said. "Please sing it again."

The request came from none other than Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. When later, at a reception for the President, Mr. Lincoln greeted Chaplain McCabe, he made reference to the occasion at the capital. "Taking it all in all," said Lincoln, "that song and the singing was the best that I have ever heard."

Julia Ward Howe was requested to recite her battle hymn at various functions. She seldom refused. During one of her visits to Rome, she attended a gay dinner party in the Grand Hotel. The guests represented all that was socially brilliant in the cosmopolitan life of that "Eternal City."

"Please, Mrs. Howe, recite your battle hymn for us," the bejeweled hostess begged the petite Julia, whose white dress and lace head veil labeled her as charmingly unique.

The small figure began to arise but was halted by a restraining hand upon her arm.

"Not here, Mother. Please, not here. It would be incongruous to recite your battle hymn before this crowd." The protest came from the

author's son who was seated next to her. No doubt, he had scanned the faces of this gay company and concluded that they would not be interested in words that spoke of "the glory of the coming of the Lord."

But Julia was not to be daunted. Here was another opportunity to sow the good seed. She asked for a few moment's meditation, then, in that silver-toned voice that was typical of her, she began. She seemed unaware of her audience as, with head uplifted, she recited one verse after another. When she came to the line, "Be swift, my soul to answer him, Be jubilant, my feet," she repeated the words with uplifted hands, and a downward glance at her feet; her voice slightly raised. Each attentive face of those men and women of the world seemed to reflect her great religious spirit; her profound patriotic devotion. When she was finished, there was a moment's silence and quietly the crowd dispersed.

During the intervening years, the "terrible battle hymn" as Rudyard Kipling called it, has been a favorite among the American people; and since the spring of 1917, when our country entered World War I, it has been almost as popular abroad. On the battlefields of France, the soldiers sang it with intensity. Great cathedrals echoed its exultant tones, and the followers of the Union Jack sang it with as much gusto as did most Americans.

Typical of its world-wide acceptance is the account of a solemn Independence Day celebration held in the High Church of the Royal Burge of Iverness, during World War I. Under the auspices of the leading clergymen of the town, the immediate purpose of the assemblage was to give thanks for freedom. Among those present were American military officers and men of the mine-laying squadron. The services opened with "God Save the King," followed by "Old Hundred." Then the battle hymn was sung by a magnificent choir, and although the distributed programs had printed only one verse, our American boys could not stop at that, and at the close of the first stanza, they began to shout the grand old marching chorus. The choir took up the refrain, and the grateful Highlanders joined in and sang through to its conclusion. "Never before have I heard such singing,"

reported Captain Belknap, "especially of those deathless words 'He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat.' To our brave boys, the music of the battle hymn following the British National Anthem, was as welcome as a mother's voice."

Labeled as the greatest war song that has ever been written, the battle hymn declares God's irresistible power and points through the fiercest conflict to a certain triumph of the right. Thus has it lived through a century of war and peace.

In 1959 its popularity received an unprecedented "shot in the arm" when again our great Tabernacle Choir scored, winning the coveted Grammy Award for the best rendition of the song by any choral group. Then it became number one on the hit parade, and its timely message filtered through the ether into the homes and hearts of millions of people through radio and television.

Many song writers have tried to set the lyrics of the battle hymn to other music, but the words and the music are so "inseparably wedded" that to divorce them would never meet with success.

"Let us die to make men free," wrote the author of Civil War days.

"Let us LIVE to make men free," sings the famed Tabernacle Choir today; and I am sure that if Julia Ward Howe were here, she would heartily accept the change, for she spent the afternoon of her life trying to convince women of all nations of the futility of war. Her crusade for peace took her to all parts of the world, and her "Appeal to Womanhood in the Interest of World Peace," was translated into many languages.

"I have a sudden feeling of the cruelty and unnecessary conduct of war," she said. "It seems to me to be a return to barbarism, this issue being one that might have been settled without bloodshed and loss. The question forces itself upon me. Why do not the mothers of mankind interfere in these matters, to prevent the waste of that human life of which they alone bear and know the cost? Arise, then Christian women of this day. Take counsel with each other as to the means whereby the great human family can live in peace, man as the brother of man, each bearing after his own kind the sacred impress, not of Caesar, but of God. . . . The facts of brotherhood must be taught to everyone:

to the babe in his cradle, to the despot on his throne. Human brotherhood must be the basis and foundation of all education and legislation; the bond of the high and the low, the rich and the poor. . . . The only safeguard of human liberty is the virtue of each individual. . . . I listened while the angel of charity says 'Behold, I show you a more excellent way. Come let us reason

together. This treatment of injuries, from the high ground of magnanimity, is the only action that shall save the world.'

How could she have better said, "Let us live to make men free?"

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How Many Stanzas Shall We Sing?

(Continued from page 585)

in thought as they are in a poem which is intended only to be read. The classic design of a hymn is so arranged that the beginning phrase, for example: "Redeemer of Israel, Our Only Delight," is not only the title, but also the central subject of the whole hymn. All subsequent verses then relate to this central subject just as spokes in a wheel relate to the hub center. This procedure then allows the verses to be sung at random in any order whatsoever, since they all relate to the beginning title. In this system no stanza is dependent on a previous one. This technique of hymn writing may be observed in examples of all skilled hymn writers like Parley P. Pratt, Isaac Watts, and others.

On the other hand, we all know of hymns in which the stanzas are consecutive as they are in poems. Such examples are likely first written as poems to be read and were then taken over with a melody to be sung as hymns. In such instances it is of course logical that all verses should be sung. This explains why President Heber J. Grant used to plead that, whenever possible, we sing all stanzas of "O My Father."

A particularly interesting example of sequential stanzas is our United States National Anthem, "The Star-spangled Banner." (This is not designated as a hymn because it is not addressed to Deity, as are all technically true hymns; therefore, it is called an anthem.) Here we have a poem of four long, successive stanzas. When sung on patriotic occasions, the combined memory of the singing patriots is good for only one stanza, the first one. And how does this stanza end? It ends with a question mark, "Oh, say does that

star-spangled banner yet wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?" The banner had been seen during the night whenever a bomb had burst, but at first there was no certainty as to whether the flag was still there. It is only in the second stanza, "On the shore, dimly seen, through the mists of the deep" that the banner was really seen to be waving in the morning. This is a technical matter, but there are sensitive and logical people who argue, and with justification, that at least two stanzas must be sung, and preferably all four. Well, we give a practical answer that people cannot be expected to know from memory more than the first stanza. It is a pity that the poet placed "doubt" at the end of the first stanza. The poem is perfect enough if it is meant to be read from a printed page, but it contains an unexpected technical flaw for practical singing purposes.

The outcome of the matter, as we all know, is that we go on singing this first stanza with fervor and pride and ignore the small item of the question mark at the end. This appears to be the only possible solution.

The number of stanzas to be sung is frequently determined by the available time. If we sing all stanzas of "O My Father," together with a complete playing once through on the organ, this takes five minutes. "The Spirit of God like a Fire Is Burning" at normal tempo will take six minutes. Both these hymns are surely worth this much time, if only we will not give this time grudgingly.

When, for example, a meeting has been long, and perhaps held beyond its usual closing time, then the first stanza of the closing hymn will be most spirited, and each succeeding one less and less welcome. The principal message is usually found in the first stanza. The poets usually give it their best, and the message in it is usually sufficiently complete.

Perhaps it may reasonably be said that the quality, the fervor, and the devotion given in hymn singing is more important than the mere number of stanzas sung. On occasion, someone's favorite stanza may thus be left out, but we have to agree that everyone's favorite hymn or stanza cannot always be sung at every meeting.

In view of all the foregoing it seems both impractical and unnecessary to require that in all cases all the stanzas be sung. It seems reasonable that we should maintain a freedom of choice in this matter. The Church gives very few absolute instructions on minor matters, and in many things encourages its members to exercise their good judgment.

Nevertheless, let us not be penurious in the time which we allow for hymn singing, because this is an important mode of worship, one which allows participation on the part of all our members. While not a rigid rule, it may be said that it is preferred that we sing all the verses whenever reasonably possible. If there is abundant time, do not hesitate to sing many verses. "The righteous sing and rejoice." (Proverbs 29:6.) If the time is far spent you need not apologize for singing that grand "Doxology," which we have found to be verse number eight in the hymn, or any other single stanza of a hymn. The presiding authority in any meeting (rather than the chorister) has the right to determine the number of stanzas to be sung and to so announce them.

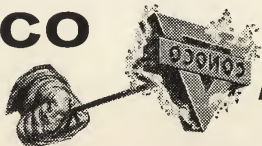
Let us then enjoy singing holy songs and hymns before the Lord, having him in mind and singing them in his holy name. "I will sing to the Lord as long as I live. I will sing praise to my God while I have my being." (Psalm 104:33.) "Serve the Lord with gladness. Come before his presence with singing." (*Ibid.*, 100:2.)



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The LDS Concept of Marriage

(Continued from page 574)

of eternal love as it relates to husbands and wives, parents and children, the ordinance which authorizes and sanctifies this most beautiful of all relationships is not acceptable, if it contains the limitation "until death do you part." For family relationship and conjugal associations to be eternal, the marriage contract must *authoritatively* state, "for time and for all eternity."

All people should realize their responsibility to their offspring and to the covenants they make with respect thereto. When the Lord said, "We without them cannot be made perfect" (D&C 128:18), he was referring to a chain whose links extend into the future as well as the past. In fact, we may have more direct responsibility for those entrusted to us in this life than to our ancestors. We cannot be held responsible for the sins, either of commission or of omission of our ancestors, but he has warned that in case of failure on the part of our posterity, if it can be attributed to our failure in our duty to them, then the sins will be upon our heads.

Among the blessings of those who attain the highest degree in the celestial kingdom is the blessing of eternal increase, which, among other things, means that even after death men may continue to co-operate with

God in bringing to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.

The Latter-day Saint concept of eternal progression includes eternal development, eternal increase of knowledge, power, intelligence, awareness, and all the characteristics and capacities which make for Godhood. But in the economy of God men cannot attain this state of continuing perfection in his unfinished or unmarried state. There must be growth and increase of the whole man, in other words, the man who has found and been united to his other half.

This concept of marriage, with its divine perspective, gives new meaning and adds importance, dignity, and glory to the idea of marriage. With this concept the thoughtful person will be more careful and selective in the choice of his eternal companion. Certainly before entering into such an eternal contract both men and women should be humble and thoughtful and should prayerfully seek for divine guidance.

The religious sanctity and sanction of the marriage relationship is greatly enhanced and appreciated where the couple, before marriage—and they must, necessarily, be of the same faith—start with the same goal in mind. They must prepare and be worthy to receive the sacred ordinance in edifices where only the worthy may enter. Here they receive instruction, make covenants, and then at the altar pledge eternal love

and fidelity, each for the other, in the presence of God and of angels. Surely such a concept and practice, with its accompanying obligations, makes for the permanence of the home, the glorifying of the institution of marriage, and the salvation of the souls of men.

Such marriage is essentially an act of faith, solemnized in the presence of a divine partner. There must be faith and courage to see it through, to endure to the end, despite the difficulties, trials, disappointments, and occasional bereavements which may be encountered.

When one accepts the conditions and obligations of this eternal partnership, he must realize that failure here is almost total failure. Whatever his successes may be in other fields of activity, if a man fails to discharge the obligations imposed by the eternal covenant, the appalling penalty will be the loss of celestial glory, accompanied by responsibility for the losses sustained by those with whom he made the contract and for whom he is responsible.

"... marriage is ordained of God unto man.

"Wherefore, it is lawful that he should have one wife, and they twain shall be one flesh, and all this that the earth might answer the end of its creation;

"And that it might be filled with the measure of man, according to his creation before the world was made." (*Ibid.*, 49:15-17.)

Gulls, Soaring Symbols of the Sea

(Continued from page 587)

they live mostly along the irrigation ditches. When the fields are irrigated and the water rushes along, seeping into the ground and driving mice and insects from their burrows, the gulls flock about and have a feast. The gull is protected in Utah, as are other beneficial birds, but the gull carries an additional honor upon its broad, white wings. It has long been known as the state bird of Utah.

Other gulls show considerable ingenuity in obtaining their daily bread from the sea. The herring gull—most abundant gull along the Atlantic coast—is extremely fond of clams, and the molusks' armored shell doesn't afford them much pro-

tection from this intelligent feathered fisherman.

When the water is low, herring gulls soar over the mud flats until a clam is spotted. Dropping down they grasp it in their feet and then look for a concrete highway or bridge, or even a hard-packed section of the sandy beach. Here, from a height of forty or fifty feet they let the clam fall. One ornithologist watched a gull repeat this performance fourteen times before the shell broke and allowed the persistent bird to enjoy the feast it so much craved.

Another favorite trick of both the herring and laughing gull is robbing the poor pelican. Waiting until the pelican dives and comes to the surface the gull alights upon its head and snatches the small fish from the pelican's enormous bill. The pelican doesn't appear to take

the least offense at the smaller pilferers which it could easily rid itself of by one blow, or even swallow alive.

Gulls are sociable in habit at all times, and this is especially so at breeding time when they form colonies of many thousands. The colonies usually select a rocky isle or deserted stretch of shoreline for their nests, but some species in the western part of the United States use the marshes of great inland lakes. They return to the same breeding grounds year after year, and, for a few months in the spring, the whole area is a dense mass of squalling babies and screaming parent gulls.

All species are web-footed and swim readily; they show little skill in diving, however, and the living fish they prey upon are chiefly the kind which come near the surface of the water, like the herring.

It is in the air that they display their real talents. Gulls are remarkably quick and clever in maneuvering, especially in the wind. Their flight is extremely buoyant, and in gliding a gull constantly adjusts his wings to every gust. At one moment it may be hanging in the air without effort over the stern of a moving ship or circling swiftly around her. Then it will observe something of interest on the water and swooping swiftly down will suddenly stop at the desired point and settle gracefully on the surface.

The Kittiwake gull is the real mariner of all the gulls and is the one species that is most responsible for the birds' reputation of making long flights over water. This gull does make ocean crossings regularly, in fact it lives at sea for months at a time. The Kittiwake prefers drinking salt water to fresh, and it is often seen sleeping peacefully, floating on the great waves, with its head tucked under its wing—literally “rocked in the cradle of the deep.”

Gulls are an integral part of the world's coast lines. In fact, one cannot conceive of sighting along a familiar breakwater without seeing the graceful figure of a gull.



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Your Question

(Continued from page 567)

with correct doctrine that a prophet or prophet of the Lord could exercise the power to bring up or bring down the spirits of prophets and saints at will, to hold converse with them on earthly affairs. That is not one of the functions of a prophet or a prophetess. The idea that such things can be done at the behest of men or women in the flesh, ought not to be entertained by any

Latter-day Saint. The Lord has said: "And when they shall say unto you, seek unto them that have familiar spirits and unto wizards that peep and that mutter, should not a people seek unto their God for the living to hear from the dead? To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them." (Isaiah VIII:19-20; Book of Mormon page 96: verses 19-20).

It has been suggested that in this instance the Lord sent Samuel in the spirit to communicate with Saul, that

he might know of his impending doom; but this view does not seem to harmonize with the statements of the case, made in the scripture which gives the particulars. If the Lord desired to impart this information to Saul, why did he not respond when Saul enquired of him through the legitimate channels of divine communication? Saul had tried them all and failed to obtain an answer. Why should the Lord ignore the means he himself established, and send Samuel, a prophet, to reveal himself to Saul through a forbidden source? Why should he employ one who had a familiar spirit for this purpose, a medium which he had positively condemned by his own law?

"But," it is argued, "the prediction uttered by the spirit which was manifested on that occasion was literally fulfilled. Israel was delivered into the hand of the Philistines, and Saul and his three sons and his armor bearer and the men of his staff were all slain. It was therefore a true prophecy." Admitting that as perfectly correct, the position taken in this article is not in the least weakened. If the witches, wizards, necromancers and familiar spirits, placed under the ban of the law, did not sometimes foretell the truth there would have been no need to warn the people against consulting them. If the devil never told the truth he would not be able to deceive mankind by his falsehoods. The powers of darkness would never prevail without the use of some light. A little truth mixed with plausible error is one of the means by which they lead mankind astray. There is nothing, then, in the history of the interview between Saul and the woman of Endor which, rationally or doctrinally, establishes the opinion that she was a prophetess of the Lord or that Samuel actually appeared on that occasion.

There is no satisfactory evidence that the spirits of the departed communicate with mortals through spiritual mediums or any of the means commonly employed for that purpose. Evil spirits, no doubt, act as "familiaris" or as "controls" and either personate the spirits of the dead or reveal things supposed to be known only to them and their living friends, in order to lead away the credulous, but those who place themselves under the influence of those powers of darkness have no means by which they can compel the presence of the spirits of the just or induce dis-



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Write for details.

closures from them to the living. They are above and beyond the art of such individuals, and the mediums themselves are frequently the dupes of evil spirits and are thus "deceivers and being deceived."

"My house is a house of order, saith the Lord, and not a house of confusion." When God has anything to reveal, it will come in the way, by the means and through the persons whom he has appointed. If the living desire to hear from the dead they should seek to the Lord, and not to those who presume to rush in "where angels fear to tread." The earthly sphere and the sphere of departed spirits are distinct from each other, and a veil is wisely drawn between them. As the living are not, in their normal condition, able to see and converse with the dead, so, it is rational to believe, the inhabitants of the spiritual domain are, in their normal condition, shut out from intercourse with men in the flesh. By permission of the Lord, persons on either side of the veil may be manifest to those on the other, but this will certainly be by law and according to the order which God has established. By observing that law and refraining from association with persons and influences that know not God and obey not his gospel, the Latter-day Saints will save themselves from subtle deception and much sorrow, and will be more susceptible to the light and inspiration and revelations that proceed from the Eternal Father!

The Church Moves On (Continued from page 563)

17 The morning session of the June conference was addressed by members of the First Presidency, and by Elder Boyd K. Packer, Assistant to the Twelve. "Sharing the Gospel through MIA," was the theme of the closing session.

These Times

(Continued from page 561)

To be, or not to be. That is one question, true, Mr. Hamlet. But in these times the additional question is in order to be one's self, to develop in God's image, one must set for himself some difficult intellectual and spiritual tasks. Otherwise he can be conditioned as a pawn-like robot in the latest phases of the international power struggle.

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The Light from Lambarene

(Continued from page 578)

hospital would only frighten the natives and, for that reason, he attempts to duplicate their own living conditions. There are no plumbers or electricians to make repairs. A hospital dependent on such modernity would suffer greatly in case they failed.

When an African is sick, he moves to the hospital and "*Le Grande Docteur*" lock, stock, and entire family. It is not unusual to see a sick-bed with several sleeping beneath the bed as well as another in the bed beside the afflicted one. An American doctor told me that the conditions under which they perform operations would be taboo in the United States. A room with screens on two sides is adjacent to a path on which man and animal are usually wandering. It was pointed out to me that, under normal circumstances, this would invite inevitable infection. One of the peculiarities of the African is that he is seemingly immune from many such infections. Major surgery, witnessed by this visiting American doctor, three days later was devoid of infection despite the unusual operating room circumstances.

I asked Dr. Schweitzer what had been his most difficult decision. His answer was, "They have come so thick and fast in my life, I could hardly place one above the other."

In visiting with *Le Grande Docteur*, he told me the unforgettable story of his basic philosophy and how he achieved it. While en route to a sick patient many miles up the muddy waters of the Ogowe River, he noticed a group of hippopotami splashing in the waters around him. After many hours of writing phrases—noting ideas of various kinds—it came to him, the three words that have since guided his every action. Those words are "Reverence for Life." This briefly summarizes his belief that all life—plant or animal—is born with the "will to live," and that it is imperative we aid each other in achieving that will. He philosophizes that, if killing should be necessary for food or for the killing of bacteria, our conscience should be such that we will attempt to make atonement to other living things around us. There

are many other facets of Schweitzer's philosophy that are important, but this is his basic teaching. He pleaded with the Schweitzer scholars who were in the safari to simplify his teachings, to make them understandable for the "lady who works in the laundry." This was one of the purposes of the philosophers who journeyed to Lambarene—clarification and the composing of a digest for simplicity.

I had a personal purpose in my visit. In addition to filming and recording the great man, I was eager to talk to him. One evening about 9 pm—I thought surely too late to be given much time—he called me to his meager office-bedroom.

His room, about fifteen feet long and ten feet wide, allowed only space enough for a path to his desk. His old, high, iron bed, covered with patched mosquito netting, lined one side of the room. His desk was cluttered with letters from many mighty men of the earth, as well as manuscripts and papers incidental to running a busy 300 bed jungle hospital. The walls were equally cluttered with manuscripts punctured with nails protruding unceremoniously from the walls. Adorning the wall, I noticed such mementos as the Nobel Peace Prize and other world-renowned recognitions for achievement.

Our conversation lasted well over an hour. On one occasion I rose to leave. The doctor, with his usual glint, had me sit down. I said, "Dr. Schweitzer, you have put in many hours. My conscience bothers me for tiring you." He answered, "Young man, if I'm not tired, why should you be?" (Dr. Schweitzer's day begins at dawn.)

Among other things, I told Dr. Schweitzer that I was a Mormon and would love to give him a book of scripture that would confirm many biblical stories, a book that gives additional evidence of God's eternal plan. In thanking me, he told me he had heard of the Mormons but not of the book. To my surprise, he knew only of the Book of Commandments. Then I remembered that he has been in this jungle for forty-eight years.

I had purchased the Book of Mormon from President Edward B. Brossard in Paris as I had learned Dr. Schweitzer read French best, although he uses both French and German.

While in Lambarene, I received word that my beloved dad was dying. With tears in his eyes, the eighty-six-year-old doctor embraced me, and, even though we couldn't converse, the strength of his genuine empathy reached the depths of my sorrowing soul. I asked him, "Doctor, if a man is born with the will to live, isn't it conceivable that he dies with the will to live some more?" His unmistakable answer was, "*Ja, das ist Habe (hope).*"

A memorable experience was New Year's Eve at Lambarene. We were invited to return at 11:30 pm to have cookies and punch and to see in the New Year. At midnight, the doctor, his staff, and the visiting philosophers sat in silence as a large bell chimed in the New Year for about five minutes. As I saw the man who has heard eighty-six such bells, I had the feeling that a New Year wasn't born but that an old one was to be prolonged at his request.

It was my early observation that people read into Schweitzer what they want to read into him. After two weeks in his company, I believe this more firmly than ever.

People who doubt the existence of a Divine Being as the Creator of earth read Schweitzer's confirmation of that belief. Others, who believe in a personal God, see Schweitzer asking grace by thanking God for the food and for his friendship; in witnessing this, they assume he shares their belief. They hear him read scriptures nightly and explain those scriptures. Schweitzer actually believes only that which he has experienced. It is his belief that this world is filled with those eager to live, and that it behooves each of us to improve the world around us in giving understanding to each other. His great hope for the world is that we be more ethical and thoughtful toward each other.

He takes great delight in giving evidence of unusual experiences with animals which have demonstrated that occasionally even they show reverence for life, with ethics and thoughtfulness toward each other; for example, the goose shot in a Scottish lake while en route south, and the flock refused to fly until the wounded goose was recuperated sufficiently to join them.

As a result of his philosophy in action, Lambarene is rampant with animals. It is not unusual to see a pelican roosting on a goat's back,

twitching its ears, with no reaction from the goat. You never quite get used to seeing a terrier and a monkey wrestle on an afternoon and Parsifal, the pelican, biting a monkey's nose. It was startling to witness a large turkey literally ruling the roost of the barnyard. Cats, antelope, pigs, goats, chickens, ducks—all have freedom of action.

The great doctor—with his degree in music, renowned as the world's leading authority on Bach, organ builder, his degree in medicine—considers by far his philosophical thoughts the most important contribution of all. I felt that his medicine is only a matter of his trying to prove his philosophy—a living example of reverence for life in action.

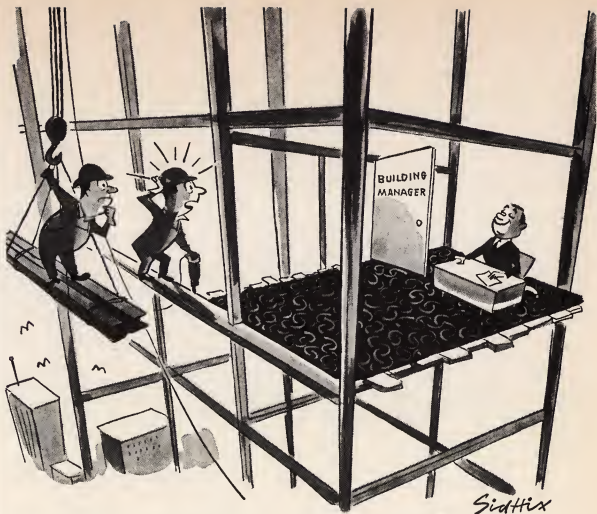
His music is limited pretty much to the unforgettable accompaniment he gives nightly on an old *This piano*, which gives every appearance of being as old as he is. The true tone has long since gone, but regardless his skilled, gnarled old hands interpret his favorite religious composers, frequently bringing tears to the eyes of those who witness this scene for the first time. I know—I was one of them. The candles supported by ornolu holders and covered by a green paper lamp shade, reflects down on this amazing man as he loses himself in music for a few moments each night.

How refreshing it is in this day of confusion and tension, much of which is germinated in the long-sleeping giant of Africa, to find also originating on the shores of the Ogowe River a hospital of forty buildings, housing six hundred people, some of whom are lepers. This is an island of sanity, devoid of modernity.

A light, shining in a window, has already and, I believe, will continue to illuminate men's minds for generations to come. The lamp that burns at Lambarene is lighted by the philosophy of a wonderful old jungle doctor, looking like everybody's grandfather, who spends his few idle hours worrying about you and me—concerned with the scientific Frankenstein that could one day result in the death of the planet.

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals, that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him.

—Honore de Balzac



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THE FACT-FINDING AND REPORTING COMMITTEE

The program of the Melchizedek Priesthood quorum is planned to bring about the activity and fraternity of its members. Activity is an important factor, and one which is most easily measured; but fraternity, with the love and loyalty it engenders, is of utmost importance also. To date our chief interest has been the activity factor. We need to give consideration to both.

If the quorum has the true spirit of fraternity, there is an inner satisfaction in its activities which gives real joy to the work. Without it, a member may take part out of sheer loyalty, but he will be neither fed nor satisfied.

Through the personal welfare and church service committees and their programs, both activity and fraternity are brought into play in the quorum. Through the activity of the fact-finding and reporting committee these objectives are kept in balance.

Some Observations

The presidency must know the following about each member if it is to function wisely:

1. The number of times in a year a member is invited to perform a service or to fill an assignment.
2. The number of times he accepts the invitation to serve.
3. His attendance at weekly group or quorum meetings.
4. His attendance at the monthly business meeting.
5. His attendance with his family at Sacrament meetings.

And in addition:

The confidential information revealed by the annual confidential visits to each member by the quorum presidency.

6. His record as a tithepayer, whether full or not.
7. His record as a keeper of the Word of Wisdom.
8. His record as holder of family prayer.

All of this seems to be much to ask for as one man's record. Yet all of this information is now being collected by one group or another. All it needs is to be compiled in order to be informative.

The fact-finding and reporting committee has two primary functions in this field.

1. It needs to bring the material together.
2. It needs to evaluate it.

In each meeting of the presidency, consideration is given to individual quorum members. An efficient fact-finding committee can be invaluable in assisting them in this work. Having done its work well, its chairman, a counselor in the presidency, has before him a card or record which gives all this information.

A question arises:

Is John Doe becoming more active?

If not, how much opportunity has he had to be active, and

If not responsive, what *types* of invitations has he had?

Can information be gathered as to the kind of activities he enjoys?

Another question arises:

Is the true fraternal hand being extended?

Is he being visited by other quorum members?

Is he in a quorum social group?

Has his family visited socially at the homes of other members?

Still another question arises:

Is activity in the quorum program having an effect on his spirituality?

Is Sacrament meeting attendance increasing?

Is family prayer held regularly?

Has he become a tithepayer?

Is he improving in observance of the Word of Wisdom?

The keeping of such factual information on the members, it can be readily seen, is essential. But the chairman cannot do it all. The quorum secretary is not expected to do it. It must be done by a committee of several men who gather the information, then compile and evaluate it.

KEEPING THE RECORD

The quorum activity card (illustrated on the Melchizedek Priesthood Page in the January Era) will contain much of this information.

The committee may want to create other record devices such as:

1. A running account of assignments made and filled.



2. An account of the number of different men making calls on a member.

3. An account of the social fraternizing done with the member and his response.

4. A record of his activity in the ward or stake.

Additional information may also be helpful. Quorum members holding ward and stake positions should not be overlooked or neglected by the presidency. When they are released from their positions, the presidency should know about it immediately, for this may be a time of minor crisis. In a sense a man may be considered inactive between the time the bishop or stake president releases him from a position and the time he is reappointed or his quorum gives him an assignment. Any period of inactivity may be accompanied by a drop in spiritual strength. Men sometimes say that they would like to rest for a few

months, or a year, before accepting another assignment. If one thus becomes "inactive," the chances that he will remain so are increased. It is a mistake for a man to seek rest from the work of the Lord. The living enthusiasm for the work of the Lord is whetted on the hone of service.

The fact-finding committee, by the use of well-kept records, will be alert to the need of each member. It will be able to predict the spiritual pulse of any one member at any time. This is a primary function of the committee.

Perhaps the committee will discover that the activity card is not large enough to keep all of the data. An 8½ x 11 inch sheet, ruled up and run through the ward ditto machine will help. It could be punched and kept in a loose-leaf binder as a work sheet. It could look like this:

NAME JOHN DOE

RECORD FOR 1961

1. No. times invited to serve and no. of times serving (He served 4 out of 19 invitations.)
2. Weekly attendance (He came 15 times.)
3. Business meeting attendance (He attended 3 business meetings.)
4. Tithing Part
5. Word of Wisdom OK
6. Family Prayer Spotty
7. Sacrament Meeting (17 times - 4 more other wards)
8. Visits made to him by other quorum members, including Presidency None
9. Is he in a social group? Took part in baseball
10. Has he eaten meals at other members' homes? ---Yes, President Doe had him once
11. Does he do genealogical research? --No
12. Has he been to the temple this year? --No

SUGGESTIONS FOR NEXT YEAR:

- * Likes mechanical things -- put him to work on Sister Jones' house (an aged widow)
- * More meals with others
- * Try horseshoe tournament
- * Have entire quorum attend meeting. Get him there.

This example is meant only as a sample. With free agency and thinking about it, a sheet can be made which will show the picture of the man. Then, with inspiration, what to do to inspire his loyal activity or to build his fraternal spirit should be apparent.

THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC'S PAGE

BOYS. DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PRAY?

There was no warning—just a sickening sound of metal crushing against metal followed by small explosions from the stern of the ship. Cold chills penetrated each man aboard as the voice over the loud-speaker gave the command to abandon ship. The night was dark and foggy as Tom started his climb down the side of the vessel. Suddenly he felt the snap of the cable as the steel ladder broke, striking him on the head and sending his unconscious body into the black water below.

Upon regaining consciousness, Tom found himself



lying on the life raft where other men had pulled him from the water. Seeing other injured men, he slipped over the side of the raft into the water to make room. He learned from the shouts and screams that filled the air that his craft had collided with an oil tanker, and now he could see that his ship was sinking slowly into the depths of the Pacific.

Oil coated the water, and fire raged all around. The ocean breeze kept the fire moving quickly over the

water as the oil burned, filling the air with black smoke. It was hard to breathe, and as the flames swept toward Tom, he closed his eyes and prayed, then opened his eyes to see that the fire had passed by without harming him. During the next three and one-half hours, he closed his eyes time and time again, praying for protection from the fire.

Prayer had always been an important practice back home. He was grateful for his parents and the Aaronic Priesthood advisers who taught him how to pray. Never before in his life had praying been so important. Later, as he lay on a stretcher in the rescue ship, he knew within his heart that he had been spared by the power of prayer.

Every young man holding the Aaronic Priesthood should likewise feel that the habit of prayer is a sign of strength and maturity. Then you, like Tom, will have greater strength to meet the experiences of life as you learn the proper words of prayer. The experience of pouring out our inner self through prayer is a process that develops character, soul-growth, and manliness. Oh, how Satan would want you to believe that prayer is not necessary or is a "sissy" act!

Just contemplate for a minute the great blessings that have come into the world as a result of prayer. It was in answer to prayer that God the Father and his son Jesus Christ appeared to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Joseph wanted to know which of all the churches was correct and which one he should join. In answer to his supplication, he received divine vision and revelation.

It was in answer to prayer that Moroni, a resurrected being, appeared to Joseph and instructed him regarding the Book of Mormon.

It was in answer to prayer that the Aaronic Priesthood was restored. Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery had been translating the Book of Mormon. As they came across passages about baptism, they retired to the bank of the Susquehanna River and knelt in prayer

to inquire of the Lord concerning this matter. In answer to their prayer, John the Baptist appeared and laid his hands upon their heads and conferred upon them the Aaronic Priesthood. He then commanded them to baptize each other.

It was in answer to prayer that the Savior appeared to the brother of Jared and touched the stones, causing them to give light for their long voyage to the new world. (See Ether, 3.)

It was an answer to prayer that subdued the contention and furthered the formation of the Constitution of the United States: "And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very

purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood." (D&C 101:80.)

You will remember that the Constitutional Convention, struggling and working strenuously for five weeks with its problems, made very little progress. It was the last day of the fifth week that Benjamin Franklin arose and addressed the convention: "I therefore beg leave to move: That hereafter prayer, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business, and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service." With the help of prayer, progress came rapidly, and the great (Continued on page 611)

FAULTFINDING WARD TEACHING SUPPLEMENT FOR SEPTEMBER

"Cursed are all those that shall lift up the heel against mine anointed, saith the Lord, and cry they have sinned when they have not sinned before me, saith the Lord, but have done that which was meet in mine eyes, and which I commanded them.

"But those who cry transgression do it because they are the servants of sin, and are the children of disobedience themselves." (D&C 121:16-17.)

This thought was given by Joseph Smith the Prophet while he was confined in Liberty Jail at a time when the Saints were sorely persecuted. It applies to the mobs and persecutors of the early Church members and may well apply to those in this day who criticize and find fault with the leaders and authorities of the Church. The Lord chooses the officers and leaders of the Church, and they are asked to serve by those with authority to act in his name.

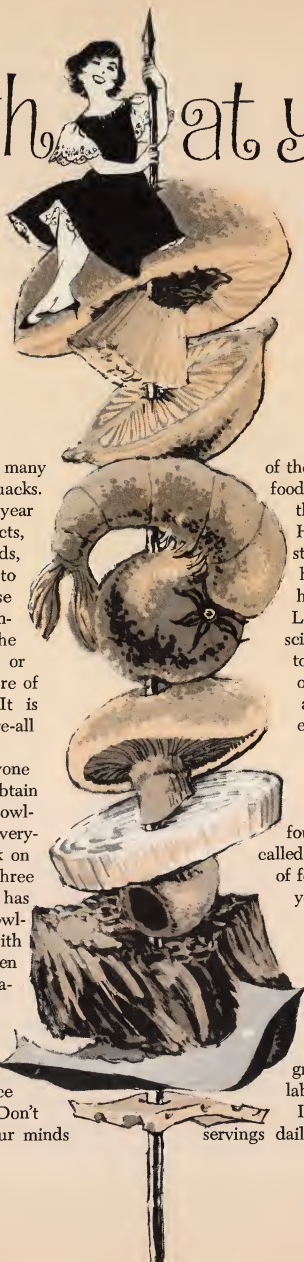
Lucifer was a faultfinder. He criticized God's plan of life and salvation and brought discord and dissonance to the realms of heaven. Because of apparent selfish desires, he sowed the seeds of discontent and dissatisfaction, and with cunning deceit and vicious lies, he led a third of the spirit children of God into outer darkness from which there is no return. Since that time, these angels of darkness have persuaded and tempted the people on earth to follow after them—to find fault, to criticize, to ridicule. They know that among the first steps to apostasy is finding fault with God, with his servants, with his Saints, and with his gospel. Joseph Smith once said, "I will give you one of the Keys of the mysteries of the Kingdom. It is an eternal principle, that has existed with God from all eternity: That man who rises up to condemn others, finding faults with the

Church, saying that they are out of the way, while he himself is righteous, then most assuredly, that man is in the high road to apostasy; and if he does not repent, will apostatize, as God lives." (Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, p. 156.)

Does a person have the right to speak against another simply because what he does or says does not coincide with what another would do or say in the same situation? God has endowed each person with different dispositions, temperaments, and spirit; and everyone develops various attitudes, ideas, and attributes. When one person follows a certain procedure which differs from that followed by someone else to accomplish the same task, it does not necessarily imply that one is wrong. Each person thinks differently and will act differently, but both may arrive at solutions which are equally effective and desirable.

It is a simple matter to find fault. It requires no talent, no self-denial, no genius, and no character. It is more difficult to overlook annoying habits and characteristics and find the admirable qualities which people possess. Those who have a genuine desire to do good have little time for complaining and finding fault. Brigham Young said, "Every man in this Kingdom or upon the face of the earth, who is seeking with all his heart to save himself, has as much to do as he can conveniently attend to, without calling in question that which does not belong to him. If he succeeds in saving himself, it has well occupied his time and attention. It is as much as anyone can well do to take care of himself by performing every duty that pertains to his temporal and eternal welfare." (Discourses of Brigham Young, p. 83.)

you are what you eat



Never before in all time have so many people been taken in by food quacks. Millions upon millions of dollars a year are being spent by people on extracts, concentrates, so-called health foods, machines to grind, to squeeze, to blend, and books of utter nonsense selling ideas with absolutely no scientific proven basis. It seems that the human race is grasping at anything or anyone who will promise a quick cure of illness or a quick weight loss. It is grasping for a magic formula as a cure-all for all ailments.

True, it is important that everyone be concerned about health—how to obtain and maintain it. Correct scientific knowledge is important. Don't believe everything you read. As you read a book on health and nutrition ask yourself three questions. First, what qualification has the author? Is he or she an acknowledged authority on nutrition with accredited schools backing the written material? Second, does the information come from adequate research or is it just one person's opinion? Third, is the author selling something besides the truth? Don't let these charlatans undermine your confidence in the nutritional value of our food! Don't let them raise serious doubts in your minds

of the integrity and purity of the nation's food supply. Who is to profit by all this? Only the unscrupulous promoter.

He converts his unscientific, unproven statements in book form into money; his special so-called health foods into hard cash; his gadgets into dollars. Learn all you can about nutrition from scientific sources. As Ruth M. Leverton says, "Everything in your body was once in your food. The wise eater is always aware of what the food he eats will do for and to him, his figure, his energy, his resistance to illness, even to his mental outlook."

Even an uninformed person cannot go too far wrong if he uses the "basic four" as a daily food guide. The so-called "basic four" are four broad groups of foods to use as a guide in making out your daily menus. It gives a real choice while assuring us of a balanced diet. The "basic four" consists of a *bread and cereal group*, a *meat group*, a *milk group*, and a *vegetable-fruit group*. In the bread and cereal group we include all breads and cereals that are whole grain or enriched or restored. Check labels to be sure of what you are eating.

It is suggested that a person have four servings daily of bread, crackers, flour, cooked

and ready to eat cereal, macaroni, rice, etc. To fill our requirements we need two or more servings a day of food in the meat group. This group includes beef, veal, lamb, pork, liver, etc., poultry and eggs, fish, dry beans, nuts, peanut butter.

An adult needs two or more cups of milk daily while a teen or a child should consume four or more cups. In this milk group we also include cottage cheese, cream, and cheddar type cheese, and ice cream. One inch cube of cheddar type cheese equals $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cottage cheese contains $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ice cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk. The vegetable-fruit group includes all fruits and vegetables. Choose four or more servings every day. These should include: 1 serving of a good source of vitamin C such as orange, grapefruit, tomato juice, cranberry juice; one serving of a dark green or deep yellow vegetable for the vitamin A content. You see your leeway is great. Use the "basic four" as a guide, and variety as a good rule, and good quality as a must in foods.

One excellent eating habit is to start the day with a good breakfast; this is a research fact. Include a cereal or toast, egg or bacon, fruit and milk, and there you have all of the "basic four" represented. At lunch have milk, meat or fish sandwich, salad or fruit, and again you have included each one of the "basic four." Meat, two vegetables, hot biscuits, butter, milk dessert, and the "basic four" shine again. It isn't difficult to eat right; it need not be expensive if good planning goes into the preparation. Every day check your intake for the basic groups, and soon it will be second nature to eat nutritionally sound meals.

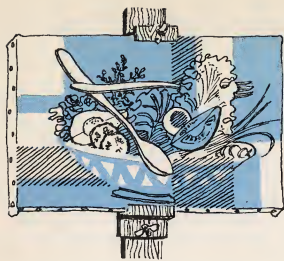
As a layman, if you would like to become well-informed on good nutrition read the following excellent books.

FOOD BECOMES YOU by Ruth M. Leverton, Ph.D., Dolphin Handbook, Doubleday and Co., New York, N.Y., 1961, pp. 160—paperback 95 cents.

This is an exceptionally good book for the layman to read to become informed on good scientific nutrition. It is written by a well-qualified person. Ruth M. Leverton is associate director of the Institute of Home Economics in the Agriculture Research Service of the US Department of Agriculture. She holds a doctorate in nutrition from the University of California. She has been a Fulbright Professor of Nutrition and has a wonderfully capable background. The author explains that everything in your body was once in your food and sets down in plain language just about everything one should know about the nutritive effects of food and good health throughout life. "Whether you are a nursing mother or a teen-age football player, a grandmother in your sixties or a middle-aged truck driver all the information you require on diet is right in this book." Also in this little book you will find diets to gain as well as to lose weight and how to get the most food for your money.

This book is highly recommended for the student as well as the lay reader. P-TA members, women's clubs, book groups, and others who have heard of or read the sensational but unsound authors on this subject will find this book fascinating reading and completely sound scientifically.

FOOD WITHOUT (Continued on page 610)



SUMMER SALADS

The riddle, black and white and read all over, is a familiar one to all of us, but do you know the riddle, what is colorful, cool, crisp, and delicious to the taste? Let me give you a hint. It can begin a meal, be its main part, or end a dinner with a flourish. Yes, a salad is the answer. A salad is a perfect answer to the question, "What can we eat?"

What is more delectable, delicious, and delightful on a hot summer day? Even a jaded appetite can be tempted with a luscious salad. What goes into a salad? Almost anything edible. Use that creative flare of yours to concoct a new, nourishing, handsome salad. When you serve a salad, you serve the product of sunshine and rain. A salad is a living thing. You capture the goodness of nature and create a masterpiece. A salad is a poem; a salad is a work of art. Become a master salad maker.

SOME SALAD SUGGESTIONS

Use fresh, crisp ingredients.

Chill everything including the service plates and bowl.

Cut fruit into large chunks—be generous when you slice salad ingredients.

Drain the fruits and vegetables well. (Their juices dilute the finished flavor.)

Try serving a luncheon of a number of salads.

In every salad blend a rainbow of colors—as a starter how about ripe purple plums, golden pineapple rings, red raspberries, sunny apricots, creamy bananas, snowy coconut flakes, and clear green water cress? Never smother the salad with dress-

ing—better too little, and pass more, than to drown the ingredients and lose the subtle blending of flavors.

Anytime of the year a splash of color is available for a salad plate. On a dreary gray day create a sunny fruit salad plate. Mandarin oranges, avocado, bananas, and pineapple will help do the trick.

Don't let the salad ingredients look handled. Keep trimmings and garnishes simple.

Don't disguise your salads to look like anything but food.

Nestle salad bowls in finely cracked ice.

Choose just the right dressing to set off your salad.

Select the perfect accompaniment—crunchy crackers, nutty breads, piping hot soups, cheese chunks, crisp potato chips, crusty rolls.

Be dramatic in the selection and arrangement of salad ingredients.

Use a variety of greens to set off your salad picture. Don't limit yourself to head lettuce.

Try adding Mandarin orange sections and seedless grapes to a large chef's salad bowl.

Avocado slices and pomegranate seeds pep up in flavor as well as in appearance a salad of mixed greens.

Have you tried serving, chilled from the refrigerator, jellied consommé in the center of a honeydew cup? Don't forget the lime wedges.

Strawberries with their stems left on make a wonderful appetizer—serve a fruit salad dressing dip along with them.

Cranberry Fruit Salad Dressing

- ½ cup sugar
- ¾ cup water
- ½ cup light corn syrup
- 1 stiff beaten egg white
- dash of salt
- ¼ cup well-drained cranberry jam
- 2 teaspoons grated orange rind
- few drops of vanilla
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise

Boil together the syrup, sugar, and water. Cook to the firm ball stage. Pour the hot syrup gradually over the stiffly beaten egg white. Beat. Add salt and vanilla and cool. Fold in the cranberry jam, mayonnaise, and grated orange rind. Serve as a dressing on a fruit plate.

Scissors come in handy when making salads. Snip parsley, chives, mint,

or cut wedges of pineapple or halve grapes with scissors and remove the seeds.

A half avocado filled with a shrimp or crab salad placed on a piece of endive and a tangy spear of pineapple at the side just needs hot rolls and a cool drink to bring compliments to a luncheon hostess.

Salads may even be served for breakfast. Try filling an orange basket with a variety of chilled fruits—such as bananas, berries, grapefruit sections, and cherries.

Try dipping slightly damp parsley in paprika as a glamorous garnish. Tips of lettuce may be treated this way also for added color in the salad.

You Are What You Eat

(Continued from page 609)

FADS by E. W. McHenry, Ph.D., L. B. Lippincott Co., New York, 1960, \$3.50.

Dr. McHenry is head of the Department of Nutrition at the University of Toronto.

Dr. McHenry discusses each of the basic foods and tells how they relate to good health. Here a leading authority on nutrition takes a scientific common sense approach to the whole question of nutrition and health. "It pays to eat wisely," says the author, "and not waste money on pills."

Dr. McHenry debunks diets as not only being useless, but they may also be dangerous as well when followed for a long time.

FAMILY FARE food management and recipes. A bulletin prepared by the Human Nutrition Research Division and Consumer and Food Economics Research Division of the Agricultural Research Service. Address orders to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.—Price 35 cents. This bulletin is all about food. It will help you to serve enjoyable meals, to keep your family well-nourished, to practise thrift when need be and to save time and energy where you can. It is a comprehensive 96 page pamphlet. Among many other subjects it delves into, nutrition-up-to-date—up to you, body needs A to Z, controlling weight, quantities of food needed each week for good nutrition for each age group, smart buying, wise storing, and recipes. It is a little booklet any family can use and benefit by.

Do You Know How to Pray?

(Continued from page 607)

document known as the Constitution was formulated.

Many other significant events can be cited to demonstrate Tennyson's statement: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

Consider the fact that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. His convictions were strong and decisive; he spoke as "one having authority." And yet, he did not consider himself self-sufficient. He spent many hours in prayer, seeking the will of the Father. He knew that the strength given from heaven is power, wisdom, and stamina beyond the natural strength and understanding of man.

Great men know that the source of their greatness must come from our Father in heaven. The things that man needs are strength, wisdom, courage, love, stamina, understanding; and he should seek these attributes through prayer. Solomon prayed that he would have an understanding heart to discern between good and evil. The Lord was pleased that he asked for this thing and not for riches for himself or for a long life. In answer to his prayer, the Lord gave Solomon great wisdom: "And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches, and honour: so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days.

"And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days." (1 Kings 3:13-14.)

As we view with awe the scientific achievements of man during recent years and even recent months, can there be any room for doubting or wondering if the Lord can hear our secret prayers? Do you ever wonder about man's discovery which has become a common practice to transmit pictures thousands of miles through the air? Are you amazed that by just turning the knob on your television set, you can view an opera thousands of miles away just as if you were sitting in the audience? With another turn of the same knob, you are seated on the fifty-yard line watching an exciting football game being played many miles in another direction. The transmission of sound is an every-

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Because of these wonderful inventions, man can communicate across the continent and across the world without wires or other man-made connecting mediums. Today we can even communicate with the astronaut who is thrust by rocket propulsion into outer space. Yet, with all these accomplishments, man has discovered just a small part of the vast power and knowledge that is possessed by God. As we contemplate these miraculous inventions, we begin to comprehend some degree of God's power, and it does not seem impossible but natural for him to "... knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him." (Matthew 6:8.)

We should understand the basic components of prayer, even as one of the disciples asked Jesus, "... Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples." (Luke 11:1.) The example given by Jesus of how to pray is significant in teaching us the essential elements of praying. This example, known as the Lord's Prayer, was never meant to become trite, stereotyped, or hackneyed.

We learn by this example of Jesus and from the instructions of the scriptures that we should address our

prayers to "our Father in heaven." It is paramount for us to understand to whom we are praying. The next step would be that of expressing thankfulness: "... ye must give thanks unto God in the Spirit for whatsoever blessing ye are blessed with." (D&C 46:32.) And also, "Thou shalt thank the Lord thy God in all things." (*Ibid.*, 59:7.)

We must also seek for forgiveness of our transgressions—no human is exempt from transgressing. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." (1 John 1:8.) The scriptures are replete with instructions pertaining to our obligation to forgive others and to "... Love your enemies..." (Matthew 5:44.) This divine command places upon us the responsibility to pray for our fellow men, church leaders, and particularly all those who are seeking righteousness and those who do not know the plan of salvation.

The next part of our prayer would be that pertaining to ourselves: "... for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him." (*Ibid.*, 6:8.) It is his desire that we supplicate him in prayer.

The ending of our prayer must be made in the name of Jesus Christ, "For there is one God, and one

mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus;" (1 Timothy 2:5.) And further we are instructed, "... all things must be done in the name of Christ,..." (D&C 46:31.)

To summarize the elements of prayer we would say:

1. Address "our Father in heaven."
2. Express appreciation.
3. Ask forgiveness.
4. Pray for others.
5. Pray for our own requests.
6. Conclude in the name of Jesus Christ.

We should learn and practise the words of prayer, never addressing our Father in heaven in the words of *you* and *your*, but in the proper words of prayer which are *thee*, *thine*, *thou*, and *thy*. When praying before a group, you represent the group and should not use "I" but "*we* ask thee." If we pray in humility and go forth day by day to live as we pray, great strength, courage, and testimony will become our possession. It is an elementary requirement to receive answers to our prayers that we first pray and that we live in the same manner as we pray, and we must be humble and dependent upon the Lord.

"Be thou humble; and the Lord thy God shall lead thee by the hand, and give thee answer to thy prayers." (*Ibid.*, 112:10.)

A Land Remembered

(Continued from page 584)

tomorrow. Ralph says that you all are going back with him. He says that's all you've been waiting for. Is it?"

"Oh, I'll be mighty happy to see Uncle Bert," said Josh.

"You know what I mean. Are you going to sell the land? Are you going to leave for good?"

"I've got a buyer. Won't pay much. I'll probably sell it though. I want to see some green country, real green country."

"Do you know what you'd be doing, Josh? Don't sell the land." There was a disconcerting tone in Sally's voice. "It's a heritage, something your pa and ma gave their lives for. It may seem dry and desolate now, but I've heard Pa talking about how some day it will live. He says that in the future the

whole valley will be a big green oasis, producing great crops. You've heard your own pa talk about it."

"That's just it, Sally. That's just what I feel, Ma and Pa both gave their lives for this place. Ain't lives worth more than this? Look at this house, there isn't a room in it that you can't see daylight through the cracks. And there is that piece of baked clay that takes a man's labor and produces so little that it is impossible to live from it! Pa put his heart into this land and got nothing, exactly nothing. This whole country is a wilderness of nothingness."

"Josh! Your father wouldn't like to hear you talk this way. Your pa and ma loved this country."

Josh was not listening to Sally. His thoughts were on his own argument. He continued on from where

he left off. "Listen ... hear that wind? Come here to this window." He got up from the chair and walked to the window as he spoke. "Look at this sill! Only yesterday this window sill was clean, now it's covered. Tomorrow when you get up, the wind will be blowing; and when you go to bed, it will be blowing. It will blow the next day and the next and the next and forever." He was lost in the sound of his voice and words; he no longer weighed them or even considered them. "Look at what this country has done to your parents. Look at their faces, look at their tired, worn-out bodies. Just look! And think of what it will do for you, Sally. What will you be ten years from now? We pray to God and worship him in the schoolhouse on Sunday, but where

is he? He's gone; he left this place long ago."

"You asked what I will be in ten years, well I'm going to tell you something, Josh Sodderquist." She emphatically tossed her head. "Ten years from now I'll be a woman with children. A woman unafraid of this land. Unafraid of what it might do to me physically. In fact, I'll be drawing courage and sustenance from this land. Josh, I love the beauty of its bleakness, this what you call desolation. I love the land itself. The tragic strength of it. When I pick up a handful of what you call baked clay, the warmth of it is like life in my hand. And I know that there's life in it, good abundant life. I love the wind, too. When it blows cold and fresh, I love to stand facing it with the tears running down my face. It cleanses me as it bites and tears with its cold. After living here, I think I would never be satisfied in a land with calmer elements. It would be like slushing through acres of *slush!* There—I've said it."

"Gosh, Sally, I never had any idea that you felt this way. In fact, I never knew you felt anyway other than having a good time."

"You really ought to be ashamed of how you talked." Some of the heat was lost from her voice. "I wouldn't tell you this if you weren't leaving. I always thought you were the most fun of all the fellows, and you danced the best. And—and I think I'm going to miss you. Good night, Josh." She fled out the door.

Josh sat in the chair for better than an hour. Finally he lay down on the bed, not bothering to take his clothes off or to blow out the lamp. He lay staring at the knothole in the ceiling, and he listened to the wind.

Sometime in the night he slept, and while sleeping, dreamed. He was lost in a heavy mist; and while he groped about, heavier patches of fog swirled around him; and with them came waves of consuming despondency. The damp wetness made it difficult to breathe, and this impression of suffocation lent a terrifying frenzy to his efforts. He ran stumbling in one direction and then stopped, straining to see and hear. Starting up, he raced in another direction only to stop short again. For an eternity of time he ran and stopped, ran and stopped. Finally tiring, he halted and stood panting in the thick fog, waiting for some unknown, unseen terror. At this



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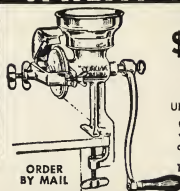
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moment the fog began to scatter. The sun's rays, sifting through the vapor, doused the landscape in a brilliant, scarlet hue. He became aware that he was standing in a field of grain with other fields stretching out as far as sight could penetrate. The fields were filled with ripening wheat, corn, and vegetables. Surrounding the fields, fruit trees stood heavy sentinels bent with mature fruit; and on their trunks and lower branches vines intertwined, bulging with purple grapes. As his mind became saturated by the sight, his despair dissipated as had the fog. In its place a calm certitude rested. And though he did not speak, he heard his own voice rumbling and echoing over the fields to the distant horizon. "He's here."

When he awoke, the kerosene in the lamp had been consumed.

Shortly after the room had become light enough to distinguish objects clearly, Josh got up from the bed and changed to his work clothes. His mind was filled with the events of his dream, and he was troubled. He went to the barn and milked the two cows, Pet and Pippin. He then returned to the house. The wind was blowing fresh out of the southwest.

After eating a chunk of bread heavily smeared with butter, he strained the milk into flat pans and put them in the pantry. He took the swill and went out, pausing at the pig pen long enough to empty the bucket in the trough. He passed through the barn and into the corral which held the horses. Here he caught June, harnessed her, and hooked her to the cultivator.

As Josh followed the horse up and down the rows, his mind went over the conversation of the evening. He began to remember just a little of what Sally had said about his parents' love for the land. He admitted to himself that this was true. He conjured up a picture of his pa and ma standing together with their feet covered with the dry, crumbling soil. He remembered what Sally had said about the wind washing over her and cleansing her in the process, and he thought that he had sometime felt a similar sensation. He stopped June to give her an unneeded rest in the middle of a row. As he looked out over the fields, he realized that there was a disconcerting similarity between them and the fields of his dream. Musing, he

muttered to himself, "Could these fields actually look like that?" Suddenly aware that he was thinking of the dream, he thrust it from his conscious mind to the subconscious.

Still deep in thought he bent and picked up a handful of earth. It did feel warm. He gripped it tight half expecting to feel movement of life, but there was nothing.

He stopped at noon. Unhooking June from the singletree, he led her to the watering trough, then led her under the shade of a tree. In the house he made a meal of bread, cheese, and milk. Coming out of the house, he met Ralph, his excitement running over.

"He's here. Uncle Bert's here! He's going to take us back to Minnesota with him. Ain't ya glad? This's what ya wanted, ain't it?" Ralph had to stop for want of breath.

AN OBSERVATION

BY VILATE R. McALLISTER

*He who does not try
To bend reality to his desire
Can know no sorrow.*

*Neither can he know the lofty
exultation
Of achievement!*

"He says ya got to be ready to go this evening. So you'll have to stop cultivating. I might even get to be a sea captain yet. Yippee!"

"Slow down, boy. What's Uncle Bert's hurry? Why has he got to leave tonight?"

"He says his business can't stand him being gone too long, and if we don't catch the train in Silver Creek on its return run, we'll have to wait around for another week. So hurry and get ready."

"What do you think I ought to do with the farm, Ralph? The animals can't take care of themselves," Josh said.

"Sell it. Ole man Harrison will buy it."

As Josh led June out to the cultivator, it seemed that the sun had focused all its fury in one single point of brilliance which burned at the base of his head. The wind blew steadily across the field, its hot empty movement void of sound in the empty space. As Josh hooked the tug to the singletree, he paused,

hesitated, then straightened up. He said, "Why not?" Then he undid the tug from the tree and walked around the horse. He led the surprised June back to the barn, unharnessed her, and turned her loose in the corral. He walked slowly to the house.

Once in the house indecision crept over him, and he sat down.

Sometime later he heard a "Hello." With a start he went to the door and saw Lambert Rogers climbing off his horse. Lambert was bent and stooped—he had fought in the Civil War, and he carried a piece of metal in his back—and his face carried deep rivers of wrinkles etched by the sun and the wind.

"I say, Josh," Lambert said, "are you busy?"

"No, not very. I was just sitting, doing some thinking."

"Well, I had a couple of reasons for riding over. First, I wanted to tell you how sorry we are. You know your pa was my best friend. Your pa and ma were lucky though. They had each other, and they had a good family. I don't feel sorry for them, only for you and the kids."

"Yes, sir, I know this, Mr. Rogers."

"Your Uncle Bert will be by in about an hour. If you're going, you'll need to be ready. Josh, Sally tells me that you're figuring on selling. If you really want to sell, and I'm dead set against it, I'll give you a good price for the land. Land under irrigation is worth twelve dollars an acre now, and other land is going for two dollars an acre. I'll give you kids \$2,100 for the place, buildings and all. You can tell me your decision when you pass the place on the way to Silver Creek." Then without waiting for an answer he swung into the saddle and turned his pony's head.

The lower part of the sun was just setting on the flat plain in the distance when Uncle Bert, with Sally accompanying him, drove up in the Rogers' buggy. Uncle Bert wrapped the reins around the brake handle and jumped to the ground. Josh met him at the bottom of the wooden steps that led to the door.

As Uncle Bert bear-hugged Josh, he said, "Josh, my boy, you're getting to be quite the man. How are you, anyhow? Those real muscles I felt? There was true warmth in his welcome. 'Are you ready to go? We can talk as we ride.'"

Josh indicated a pitifully small bundle lying on the top step. He

said, "I don't know." He looked questioningly at Sally who climbed out of the buggy.

"I just thought I'd ride over to keep your uncle company, Josh," Sally said.

"Uncle Bert, I can't go with you. I can't explain why, but I just can't go with you."

"What! . . . Are you sure? I probably should try to persuade you to come along; but if you've really made up your mind, I guess I wouldn't want to change it. But are you sure, absolutely sure?"

Josh nodded his head in affirmation. "I'm sure. Ralph and Martha need to go, but I've got to stay. That's just the way it is, Uncle Bert."

"I'd like to visit with you, Josh. I thought we'd have the trip back. Well, that train won't wait. Let's go." He climbed back into the buggy and then looked for Sally. "Aren't you looking for a ride home, Sally?"

"No, thanks," Sally said. "I'll walk over."

"Well, so long, Josh. Write. If you need anything, don't hesitate, after all I am your father's brother. Get up!" He smacked the horses vigorously on the rump with the reins.

Josh and Sally followed the dust of the buggy to where the patch of knee-high corn began. Here they turned off into a furrow and stopped. Sally said, "Isn't the evening wonderful? When the heat goes out of the wind, it's not so bad, almost pleasant. Everything becomes kind of peaceful. The rocks and land take on such a different look after the sun is gone that I almost expect dragons to come out of the shadows spouting fire. That's stupid, isn't it?"

Josh was looking at Sally with an interest that he had not known before. In fact he had not even suspected that such an interest existed within him. Sally, after seeing that something new in Josh's eyes, scooped up a handful of soil to prevent her blush from becoming too obvious. She clenched her hand into a fist and some of the dirt fell. She held her clenched fingers out to Josh who mechanically held his open palm under her fist. Her hand opened softly into his. The dirt still retained the heat of the day, and its warmth felt good. Sally said, "Josh, there is life in it, really there

is. Feel it!" She laughed a small embarrassed laugh.

Josh kicked at a clod, started to speak, and then stopped, then commenced again, "I don't think you're stupid. I'm the stupid one. I've been so steeped in my miseries, I haven't seen too clearly. I thought all day about what you said. You know, about the strength of the land and about courage and beauty. That's one of the reasons why I couldn't go with Uncle Bert."

"But that's not the only reason?" Sally asked.

"Nope, it isn't. All morning in the heat, it was like the land itself was telling me to stay. I saw everything in a different light. It was as if I were looking at the land through Pa's eyes. Because of a weird dream, I caught a glimpse of Pa's vision concerning the land, I think. It's hard to put in words."

"Go on, Josh, please. What did your pa see?"

"Well, it could have been an image of the future, but I think it's more of a feeling than anything. A peaceful feeling that makes the rightness and purpose of things clearer. It can come from anything—the growing crops—those crumbled rocks over there." He pointed off into the dusk. "Our neighbors, just anything. That's why the land is not for sale."

"I'm happy you decided that way," Sally said. "I even prayed that you wouldn't sell it. It just wouldn't be right."

It was dark. The wind had died down to a sleepy muffled whisper—dormant but ready to spring back to life, hot and furious. There was the rush of wings in the air as a night hawk sought in vain for its evening meal. The lonely scratch of the crickets placed a background to the rustle of the corn.

Staring out over the field into the night as if he could see what lay in the darkness, Josh said, "Sally." His voice had a slight catch in it. "I'm almost eighteen, and I've never had a girl before. Would you be my girl?"

"Uh-huh," Sally was smiling. She pressed her hand more firmly on the dirt that lay between their palms. She said, "Feel it." Their attention sought their hands, a blurry blob of white in the night.

The dirt fell to the earth as their fingers intertwined and Josh said, "I feel it, Sally. I feel it."

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THE LAST WORD

To do for the world more
than the world does for you—
that is success.—Henry Ford

*Child's definition
of a zebra: a horse
wearing pajamas.*

A young student from the agricultural college was in conversation with an old farmer. "Do you know," observed the young man, "that your farming methods are so far behind the times that I'd be very surprised if you get even \$50 worth of oats out of this field." "So would I," was the farmer's reply. "It's barley."

There is no road too long to the man who advances deliberately and without undue haste. There are no honors too distant to the man who prepares himself for them with patience.—Jean de La Bruyere

Only when we walk in the
dark do we see the stars.

The man who is too busy
to pray is too busy.

Teacher: Remember, children, there is no such word as "can't." Yes, Tommy?
Tommy: Miss Smith, did you ever try to strike a match on a cake of soap?

Dentist: So you have broken off a tooth, have you! Youngster: Yes, sir.
Dentist: How did you do it? Youngster: Oh, shifting gears on a lollypop.

Remember, people will judge you by your actions as well as your intentions. You may have a heart of gold, but so has a hard-boiled egg.

Poise is defined as the art of raising the eyebrows instead of the roof.

Life is a grindstone; whether it grinds you down or polishes you up, depends on what you are made of.

Help yourself to outer space—take your moon and star! Give me just some inner place where I can park my car.

Ability will enable a man to get to the top, but character is the only thing that will keep him there.

*The fellow who
blows his horn the
loudest is usually
in the biggest fog.*



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